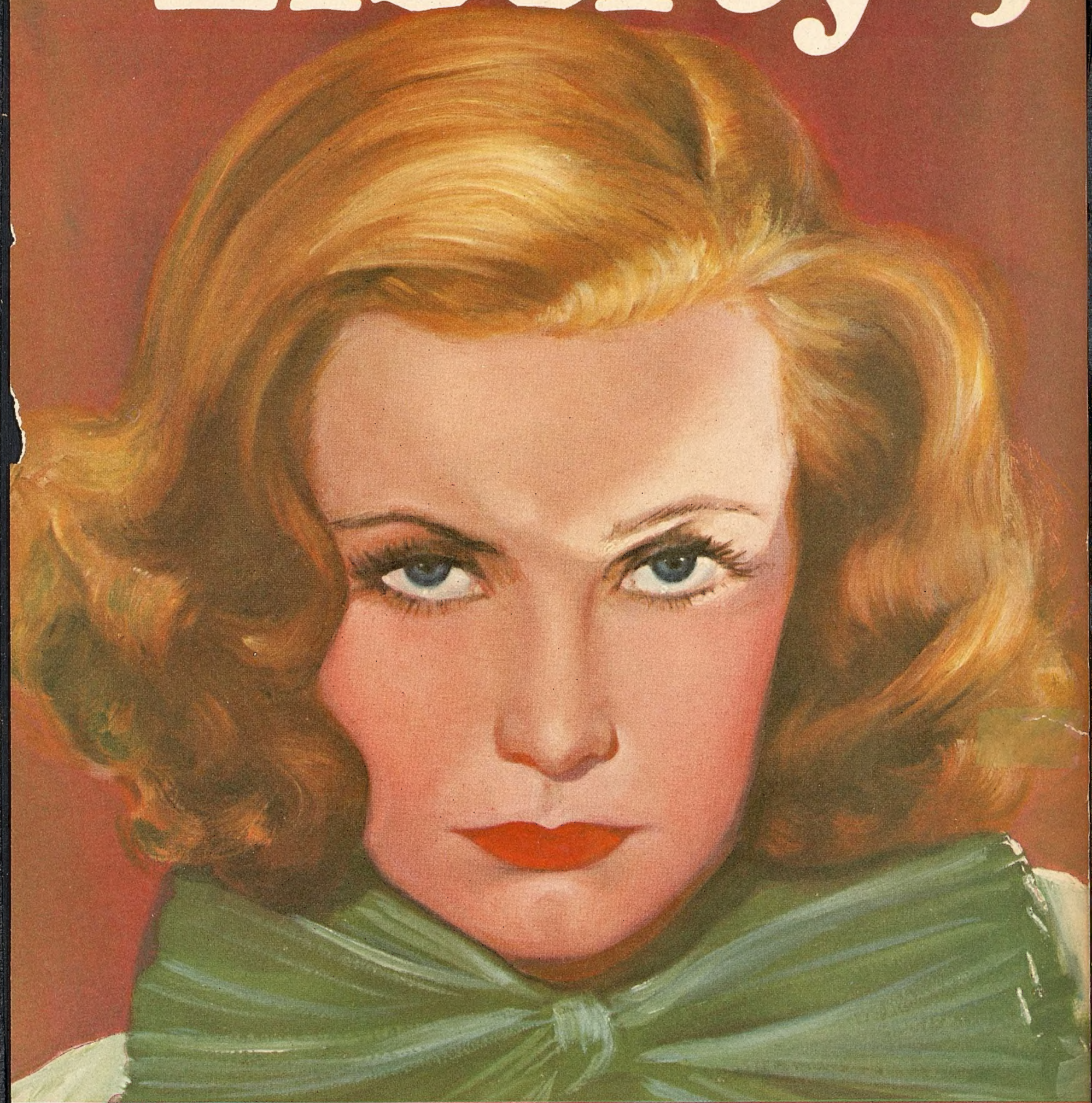
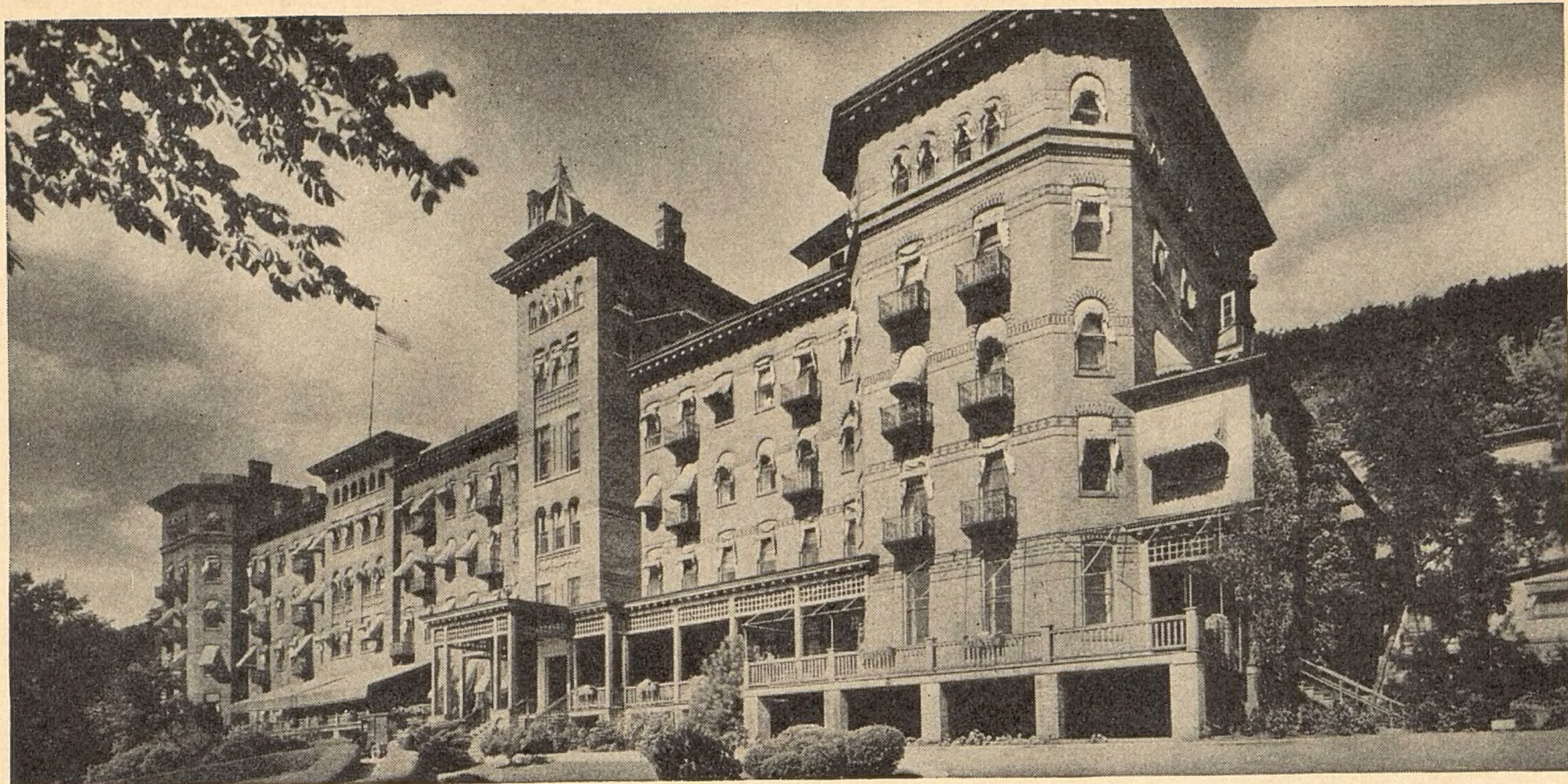


MAY 30,
1936

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WHY GARBO IS MAKING HER LAST PICTURE
HITLER PLANNING TO BE KIND TO THE JEWS?
OLYMPIC FORECAST *by* BOB MUSEL



PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

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Note: The New Deanville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will soon be ready to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Bldg., New York, N. Y.

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A New Cabinet Position— Secretary of Business Management

BILLIONS of dollars have been wasted by the Roosevelt administration due to the lack of intelligent business management.

The management of the business affairs of our federal government is a gigantic proposition. It is not unlike combining General Motors, the Ford interests, General Electric, and a few other huge organizations into one enterprise. Imagine the business ability that would be required of a chief executive who could manage such a huge combination of business interests!

And with a realization of the requirements of such a position, consider the well known distaste for business on the part of our administration officials. They make no secret of their hatred for business men. It is not out of place to note that those engaged in professional and artistic activities frequently assume such an attitude toward business generally.

Now, business is a source of everything worthwhile in this country. It will have to be credited with everything we have achieved as a civilized nation. Every large city with the huge buildings, mammoth business enterprises, schools, colleges—they have all been created by the profit secured from business.

We must remember too that the reputation given to business is not unlike that which is given to the average individual: One may have a lifetime of good conduct credited to him, but if he commit an offense against society his reputation is judged by his latest indiscretion. Then, too, business often acquires a bad name because of the reputation acquired from dishonorable acts of some racketeers in business.

In selecting officials who were to handle the billions of dollars paid out by Washington, one would think that executives with wide experience in business affairs would have been selected. But apparently no thought whatever was given to the need for previous business experience.

Every executive who is handling



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

money for this government should be a hard-headed business man with a lifetime of experience in business affairs.

Government must look to taxes as its chief source of revenue. And there are liabilities and assets in government, the same as in any business organization. Although the importance of a balanced budget each year is not quite so pressing, a government cannot continue to borrow

money in gigantic sums without the risk of repudiation and bankruptcy.

I am proposing a new Cabinet position—Secretary of Business Management. Some of the duties of such an official would be to investigate the economic situation in every phase of governmental activity. Such an official would have the right to send an expert into any department of the government to ascertain if such a department were being managed economically. He would have the right to recommend changes that would result in substantial savings. Proposed legislation would also be examined from an economical viewpoint. Various overlapping departments would be studied with a view to combining them, and the financial interests of any and all procedures adopted by the government would be subject to checking by this new Cabinet official.

No one can deny that the activities of such a capable official would save the taxpayers of this country billions of dollars.

And this Secretary of Business Management should be a dollar-a-year man—an executive who has made so much money in business that financial recompense would not be attractive to him. He should be interested in the position because of his desire to be helpful to his countrymen—to leave an honorable and enviable record behind him.

And, I might add in closing, I personally would like to apply for the job.

Bernarr Macfadden



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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, \$2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year. In all other countries, \$5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Why Garbo Is Making

AT last! Garbo is giving up fame, fortune, and Hollywood for love!

True, Garbo is back from Sweden. When this article appears, she will have been back in this country three weeks. But the big news is that, from all accounts, she isn't staying—that she is going home again for good.

She has two more pictures to do on her Hollywood contract. Scripts of *Camille* and *Countess Marewska* await her. Which she will do first, Hollywood announces, depends on difficulties of casting. But Hollywood knows, and so does everybody else, that which she will do first, and whether she does either, depends on Garbo.

She has always had her way. At first she said, "Garbo no like." Now, after ten years as a world's idol, she is able to say in better-than-Hollywood English that "Miss Garbo regrets she's unable to act today." But the will is the same—the indomitable Garbo will.

Now, for the first time, that will is set on permanent retirement from the Hollywood scene.

Her employers know this is so, and are reconciled.

"We expect her to make two pictures," an official of the big producing company said to me the other day. "That's what her contract calls for, and Miss Garbo has never been a contract breaker. It is an open secret, however, that she would prefer to make only one, or, better still, none at all."

"And you?"

"We wish she would make a hundred. After ten years on the screen, any Garbo picture is still a gold mine. But she has made up her mind, and that's that."

The gloom around the home office is thicker than a Swedish snowfall. And why shouldn't it be? Since 1925 Garbo has appeared in twenty pictures. The average gross earnings have undoubtedly exceeded \$2,000,000 per picture, or \$40,000,000 for the ten years.

She herself has earned as high as \$200,000, \$250,000, even \$300,000 per picture. It is said that she will get the latter sum for each of the two pictures she has still to do—a neat \$600,000 for one year's work.

And she is giving up all this for love!

Not for the love of any George Brent or Rouben Mamoulian or Noel Coward or any stripling prince of her native land. Garbo has loved only two men, and they are both dead. And yet—

Well, the story begins back in the little lodginghouse at 32, Bledingaten, on the south side of Stockholm, where Greta Lovisa Gustafsson, along with her mother and her sister Alva and her brother Sven, were left penniless by the sudden death of her father.

Greta, at fourteen, went to work. Her first job was lathering jowls in a Stockholm barbershop. Her second was selling and modeling hats in the great department store of Paul U. Bergström. Nights, she picked up a few pennies performing in south-side cafés.

Her first printed photograph appeared in the annual Bergström catalogue. These attracted the attention of a comedy film director named Erik Pentschler, whom she supported—on leave from the store—in Erik the Tramp.

Soon she was enrolled as a scholarship student in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. In her first school play she tripped and fell in what was supposed to be a dramatic exit. The people out front giggled—all but one. That one was Mauritz Stiller, ace Swedish film director. He was about to make his great prize-winning picture, *The Atonement of Goesta Berling*. He wanted a girl to play Countess Elizabeth.

"Send me the girl who tripped," he said.

That meeting with Mauritz Stiller diverted the whole course of Greta Gustafsson's life. And now, after more than ten years, that meeting and the parting which so

sadly followed it are taking her back to the frozen north to mourn at the grave of her lover—of the man who paid with his own failure for her success.

But in 1925 Mauritz Stiller was not dead, and he was not a failure. He was the most successful and the most sought director in Europe.

Louis B. Mayer, American film magnate, was in Berlin when Goesta appeared. He immediately made up his mind to get Stiller for Hollywood. But by that time the great director was already deeply in love with Greta Gustafsson. He had renamed her Garbo, a word meaning to him "a mysterious being that comes out in the night to dance in the moonlight." Mayer didn't want Garbo, but he did want Stiller; he had to take them both.

When the New York office saw the first photographs of the wan, gawky, obviously scared little Swedish girl in quaint attire, they decided unanimously that Stiller would have to be good!

The boys in the publicity department did what they could for her. They tried to persuade photographers to go down the bay to meet her. But the newspaper hawks too had seen the Swedish pictures! Moreover, there were a couple of Hollywood hams—nobody can remember their names now—coming in on the *Majestic*. So they passed up the little Swedish liner *Drottningholm*.

Finally, a free-lance cameraman was induced, for an advance fee of ten dollars, to make the trip. He had only three plates in his box, so he took two shots of Stiller and one of Garbo. But when he saw how childishly delighted she was to be asked to pose, for another half-hour he went through the motions of shooting her from every conceivable angle. The Metro publicity man who staged this exhibition said afterward:

"She would have climbed the smokestack if the idea had been suggested to her."

I can well believe it. Greta, for all her apparent distaste for publicity, is crazy about pictures of herself. One photographer in Hollywood has photographed her more than four thousand times.

What the East had started the West finished.

"The woman who carries in her bosom the ache which is at the mainspring of human consciousness" was made to don running pants and run races with Southern California sprinters; to allow collegiate pole vaulters to sail blithely if precariously over her precious head; to suffer a husky athletic coach to be photographed firmly feeling of her muscles; to pose with Leo, the M-G-M lion, with Mrs. Leo, and with the Leos' newest cub, Leonie.

She even plunked a ukulele!

Finally, of course, they undressed her. The fan magazines were flooded with scantily draped views.

At this incomprehensible ballyhoo the dignified gray-haired Mauritz Stiller stood literally aghast. Of all the foreign notables who have invaded the cinema colony, Hollywood remembers Stiller as the most foreign. He was certainly the most aloof. For himself he didn't care so much. But for his Greta—to see her subjected to such indignities offended the stiff-backed Swedish soul of him. What was the use of all this child's play? Give her a part. She'd show them.

Well, finally they did—grudgingly, hesitantly, fearfully—in *The Torrent*, supporting Ricardo Cortez.

But where was Stiller? Monta Bell was assigned to direct the picture. "Make them let me have Mauritz," she insisted. "Why won't they let me have Mauritz?" But the studio had evidently forgotten that it was Mauritz who had made Greta, not Greta who had made Mauritz.

Off the stage she was continually with Stiller, rehearsing her part, receiving his encouragement. But in

Her Last Picture



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD — HOW
SWEDEN'S SPHINX IS GIVING
UP GOLD AND FAME FOR A
LOVE THAT IS IN THE GRAVE
by **FREDERICK L.
COLLINS**

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The Garbo of today, the one who was Gilbert's, and (at left) the gawky Swedish girl of 1925, with her discoverer and lover, Mauritz Stiller.

Photos M-G-M

the studio the picture went badly. Garbo knew only two English words, "hell" and "applesauce," and used them indiscriminately! Monta Bell didn't know any Swedish. But Bell, working under great difficulties, did a good job. The Torrent inundated the studio mailbox with praise of the new girl from overseas.

From an unwanted and neglected contract player, Mauritz Stiller's protégée had suddenly become a potential star. And Stiller, by now the studio's Forgotten Man, shared vicariously in her triumph. He was assigned to direct her second film, *The Temptress*.

Tragedy followed.

Stiller could neither bend Hollywood to his ways nor bend himself to Hollywood's. He found himself involved in a silly row with Tony Moreno, male star of the film, as to whether the latter should wear shoes several sizes too big for him so as to make Greta's feet look smaller. He was laughed out of his job, the great Stiller; and finally kicked out. Director Fred Niblo finished the feature.

Paramount picked up the pieces and gave the once famous Swede a chance to direct Pola Negri. Again he failed to click. After his second failure with a major company, it was Poverty Row or Sweden for Mauritz Stiller. Proud, he chose the latter alternative.

And where was Greta Gustafsson all this time? She was going on to glory. Even with Moreno in his natural feet and herself in hers, she dominated *The Temptress* and *The Temptress's* audiences. Jack Gilbert and *Flesh* and the Devil awaited her.

Did she forget her Mauritz?

Hollywood has elected to believe that she did not. Her sadness during her studio work on *The Temptress* is pointed out as support for this theory. Perhaps, though, news of the death of her sister Alva in Sweden may have had something to do with her distress—that and her loneliness. But Arnold Genthe, who made the photographs of Garbo which finally convinced her employers that she wasn't so hopeless, says that when he visited Stiller in Hollywood and asked about Miss Garbo, Stiller replied, not without embarrassment:

"She became an instant success. And—oh, well, what's the use of talking? You know how women are!"

Hollywood believes, too, that when Mauritz went back to Sweden, Greta wanted to go with him; that she was restrained from doing so only by his own insistence that she must not sacrifice her career. No one really knows what happened. But one thing is certain:

When Stiller turned his back on Hollywood, Greta Garbo was already head over heels in love with Jack Gilbert.

At the time, the Garbo-Gilbert romance was played down by the heavily censored Hollywood press. But now it may as well be admitted that this was a red-hot he-man and she-woman love affair.

WHEN Greta began working with the great Gilbert, most glamorous and dynamic of masculine stars, she was still a wide-eyed little onlooker beside the Hollywood scene. But she could talk a little English with her tongue and a whole dictionaryful of universal language with her eyes. With the latter she devoured Gilbert from the beginning. And Jack, who was not hard to get, responded with the hottest love-making in cinema history.

There weren't any "closed sets" for Garbo in those days. She hadn't reached the state where she couldn't work with anybody watching her. So the studio gang used to gather around whenever a love scene was in prospect, and get vicarious thrills that they never forgot.

"Now, Miss Garbo," Director Clarence Brown would announce, after looking at the script, "you say, 'My body burns for love—I want you—only you.'"

Greta would move her lips in silent ecstasy. Her greenish-blue eyes would narrow into heavily lidded slits. Her lips would part hungrily. Her long pale hands would tremble as they found each other behind Jack's neck. Down she would go almost to a reclining position as his strong arms swept around her shoulders and their lips met in one of those kisses.

There were never any retakes on Garbo-Gilbert love scenes—they got them right the first time!

Long hours, when she was not working, she spent at the Gilbert home, luxuriating in the Gilbert swimming pool, basking in the warming glow of the Gilbert eyes. Evenings, they went for long rides in Jack's luxurious racing car, speeding along by the moonlit sea.

Those evenings were the hardest to explain to the tall, silent, lonely man back at the Santa Monica hotel. Whether she ever told him of her love for Gilbert, only Garbo herself will ever know; but if she did, Mauritz Stiller never showed it. To the end of his Hollywood career, he remained her faithful admirer, her counselor, and—when she would let him—her cavalier.

But time came when the combination of professional and personal neglect became too much for even him to bear. It was then that Mauritz Stiller went back to Sweden to die of a broken heart.

Garbo was making *Wild Orchids* when the news of Stiller's death reached her. Trouping that she is, she went through the scene. Then she collapsed. Studio officials had difficulty in persuading her to go on with the picture. As soon as it was finished, she prepared to go back to Sweden. All she said was:

"I want to lay a wreath on the grave of Mauritz Stiller. He has meant a great deal in my life."

HER affair with the fiery Gilbert stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Alive, the gray-haired Swede had not been able to hold her. Dead, he took her from the arms of her younger lover. The shock of Stiller's death showed her what her interlude with Gilbert had cost her.

But perhaps she had known it all along.

She never had been able to make up her mind to marry Jack. Once she had gone as far as a Mexican border town to do so, but, at the courthouse where they were to get their license, she had turned back. The silent figure of Stiller may have been between them always.

Gilbert himself, driven to distraction by her vagaries, had insisted over and over again that it was Stiller whom she loved. Perhaps it was. Surely it was, in one fine, high sense of the word.

But granting that both emotions were genuine, the fact remains that both romances came to tragic ends in Hollywood. Parted by death from one lover, and by remorse from the other, her Hollywood life became a burden and a mockery. She herself became the aloof, mysterious shut-in that Hollywood now knows.

There were, of course, contributing factors to her complete retirement from public gaze. Gradually she accustomed herself to her fan mail. But she couldn't to the fan magazines.

At first she pleaded with her tormentors, the fan writers. She begged them not to write such "silly things" about her. She even joked with them. But in the end she became the Garbo the world now knows.

Yes, there were contributing causes. But the main cause was undoubtedly the double tragedy of those two lost loves. Like Duse after her parting with d'Annunzio, she had no use for the world.

Garbo is not a highbrow. Off the set, she doesn't even like to talk movies. But in that circle of friends in which she moved when she first came to this country, she loved to romp and play games, and lie in the sun, and make simple little jokes. This was the life she had lived in Sweden, the life to which she is now returning for good.

It was because these years in Hollywood were not happy, couldn't be happy, that she set herself so grimly to the business of amassing a fortune which would permit her to put Hollywood forever behind her.

Since she closed the doors on life, Garbo has lived only to make money, to assure herself and her family of an all-time independent life. If it hadn't been for the world catastrophe of 1929, she would undoubtedly have said good-bye to Hollywood long ago. As it is, she has the satisfaction of knowing that she did all that anybody could do to pull Jack Gilbert out of the morass into which he had staggered.

In Hollywood there is nothing left for Greta Garbo but ghosts. In Stockholm there are people who understand her and whom she understands. She is ready to go back to them. And she is going!

THE END



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POURS LIKE A BOTTLE...

"but tastes like draught!"



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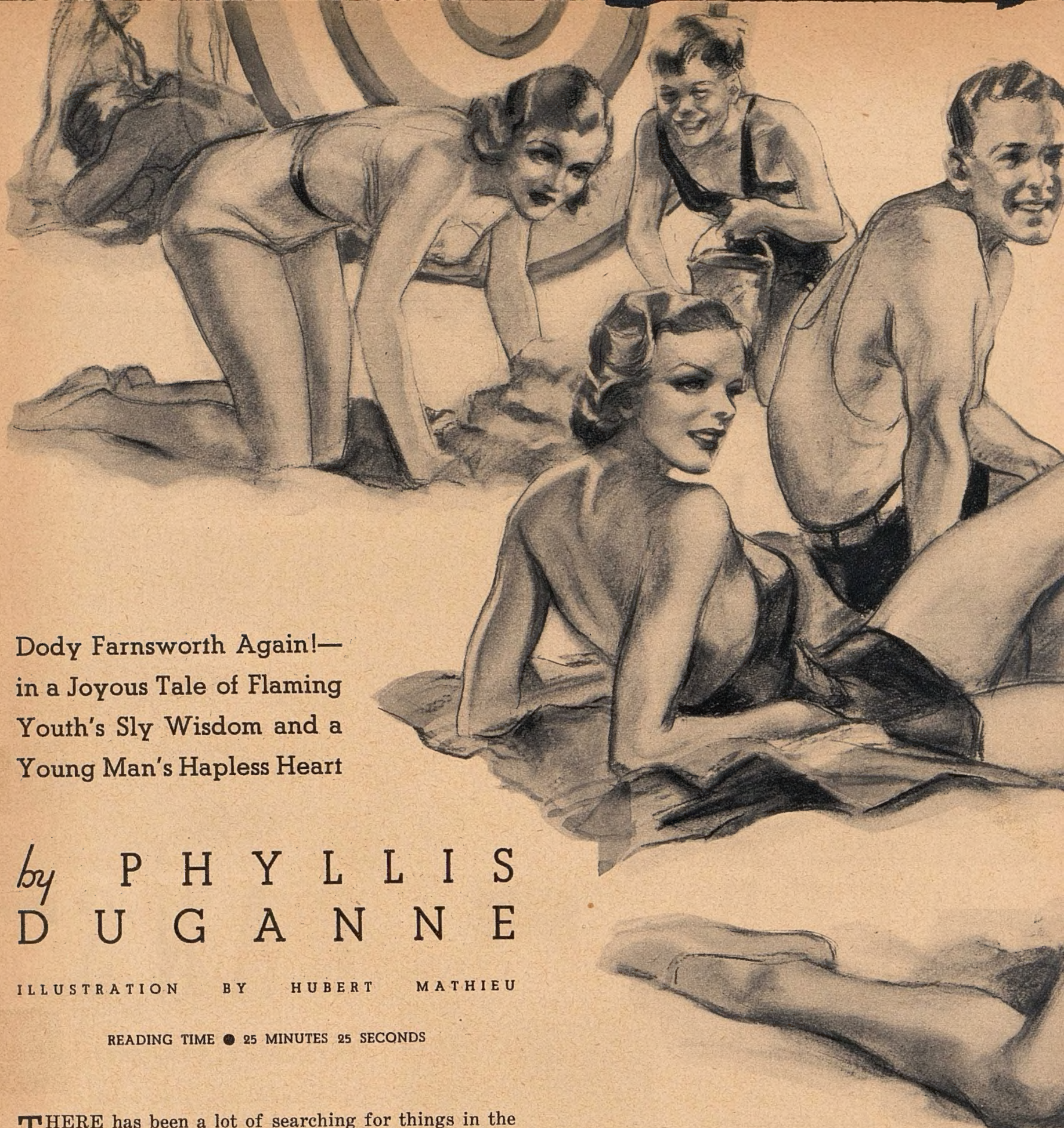
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Dody Farnsworth Again!—
in a Joyous Tale of Flaming
Youth's Sly Wisdom and a
Young Man's Hapless Heart

by P H Y L L I S
D U G A N N E

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THERE has been a lot of searching for things in the history of the world, beginning with that poor dope Diogenes who went around looking for an honest man, and all those explorers who were always trying to find one thing and discovering America or the Hudson River instead. But the thing I never expect to find, if I live to be one hundred, is a Simple Issue.

What I mean, you think you're doing a good deed for a friend, and suddenly you discover that you're fighting for your own existence—or worse. Here I was only trying to straighten out Polly Grant's love life (and quite incidentally, Rafe Forbes-Wilton's, he being the one she'd elected to put the love in the life) and all at once there before me was a vast new continent, or maybe it was the Albany night boat.

It was me that was on a spot, cornered as neatly as Little Jack Horner himself, faced with the dire necessity of proving to Tiny Grant that I was a woman of the world, a lady who knew all the answers—not only that filet mignon is not fish, but why not and since when.

To know all is to know too much, as somebody (I think

it was me) once wisely said; but to understand how it was, you have to know something, so I'll make it snappy.

Time—the present. Place—Charity Cove, Maine, and points east, the salientest point being Farnsworth Island, which is about a mile off the Cove and is inhabited solely by the Fascinating Farnsworths: Katharine and Andrew, my good-looking parents; Andy junior, who is twenty-one (Ted, my eldest brother, wed and went away a couple years ago); Billy, whom we have always called the Groundhog on account of he was appropriately born on that shadow-casting day fourteen years ago; and me, christened Dorothea, but known as Dody for exactly eighteen years come this or these nones of last March. Other personae dramatis (persons of the drama): Tiny (graduated from Princeton this very June under the alias of John) Grant; his sister (and I hope one day

Women

OF THE WORLD



mine) Polly; Rafe (spelled Ralph) Forbes-Wilton, also late of Princeton; and Mrs. Margery Richardson and family, and *how!*

There have been a lot of months of June, one at a time of course, but this June was the one all the others had been leading up to, so far as I'm concerned. Tiny graduated and actually going to start earning his own living in September; me, according to my way of thinking, through school—it was not only an end but I hoped a beginning, and I was r'arin' to go.

Our last summer of youth—and the funny part of it was that I felt younger than I've felt for years, and I think Tiny did too. Things that we'd thought we were too old for, like riding our bicycles, or roughhousing on the raft, or going off on crazy picnics, we were just wild to do.

Rafe Forbes-Wilton is this English boy who was in

Rafe is stretched in a sort of afternoon-of-a faun pose, and Margery is playfully trickling sand along his spine.

Tiny's class, and maybe if Polly hadn't gone all hot and cold at her first sight of him, and I hadn't been all tied up and marked "Grant—Handle with Care," I might have shown a little personal interest in him myself.

He's about Tiny's height, which is better than six feet, but not so muscular. "Brains, not brawn, old chap," is how he explains it to Tiny, or used to, and he's that smooth type of Englishman with fair hair and blue eyes and a peaches-and-cream complexion that he has to be either tough or clever not to take an awful kidding about. He'd come up from Princeton with Tiny to spend six weeks; and the first week was simply—oh, too utterly utter, if you know what I mean—with the four of us running around together but somehow never getting in each other's hair.

Naturally we four went to the opening dance at the Yacht Club, and naturally when some one introduced this Mrs. Richardson I didn't give her a second thought. Younger-married-set type, but better preserved than most. She had a cute figure and showed it, as who doesn't? And when Tiny asked her to dance, she snuggled up a little like older women always do, but so what? I didn't think of her again until along about two o'clock in the morning, when Tiny said, "Mrs. Richardson claims she's got some lobster at home that's yearning to be made into a Newburg," and I said, "What a break for us!" and off we went, our most serious thoughts our stomachs.

She'd rented the Griscoll house on the Cove for the summer, and we made ourselves at home, Polly and me getting plates and forks, Rafe helping with the Newburg, and Tiny taking the beer off the ice, and it was all very cozy. She said to call her Margery and leave the dishes for the maid. And then Tiny discovered a toy train that belonged to her little boy, and he and Polly and I set out the tracks while Margery and Rafe talked about England. Would any one see anything wrong with that picture? No one did!

In fact it was a couple of weeks before any of us saw anything wrong with any of the pictures—and wouldn't you like to look at my album, or Memory Book as I laughingly call it? Tiny took this one of the five of us having a picnic in front of the old coast-guard station; the lass with the wind-blown hair is Margery Richardson. And this is us in a whimsical moment playing croquet, me and Tiny, Rafe and Margery. Polly snapped that shot; she wasn't playing, as I remember. I caught this merry scene—why, somebody's missing! I remember: that splash in the water is Rafe; Margery had just playfully pooshed him off the raft. And here we are on the Ocean View, Tiny's speedboat; that's Margery's little boy Dickie sitting in Rafe's lap.

ONE more exhibit before I get down to brass tacks, or what the poets call the Birds and the Flowers.

We're all on the beach, every last five of us. In fact, this day we are six, because it's the nurse's afternoon out, and Margery has thoughtfully brought little Dickie along to keep Polly company. Tiny and I are talking quietly but intelligently, and Polly is building a sand village for Dickie, with an expression like she knows she's going to lose her shirt on the contract. Rafe is stretched in a sort of afternoon-of-a-faun pose, and Margery is playfully trickling sand along his spine—and when I have to resort to that sort of thing to give a male a tingling sensation, I shall take up Good Works in black-cotton stockings!

"Dickie-bird, will you run up to the house and get my sweater?" Margery asks. (I'd forgotten to say that Mrs. Richardson's young are two, Dickie-bird and Kitten, who is away at camp.)

"No," says Dickie, in a word.

"I will," says Polly.

What I mean, there are all sorts of ways of saying, "I will," one of which I hope to exercise before the year is over; but Polly is entirely too attractive to say anything, even "No," in that particular tone of voice.

"My husband is coming up for the week end," Margery is saying, soppo-voce, to Rafe.

Tableau! Margery looking out at the horizon with a sweet sad smile on her kissproof lipstick. Rafe suddenly aroused, having a thought—No, not that! And I

look at Tiny, and all at once notice that he's scowling.

There was a good movie on at the Idle Hour, and we'd all planned to go. But when I stepped out on the Grants' landing at eight o'clock that evening, there was Polly, sitting with her chin in her hands like she was planning to bay at the moon.

"Margery called up and asked Rafe to come over to her house, and Tiny said he guessed he'd go along too," she told me.

"Tiny certainly is nuts about that electric train," I said lightly; and Polly put her face down on her knees and simply *bawled*.

"Listen, Poll. It's just a temporary infatuation," I tried to comfort her. "One of these days Rafe is going to see Margery in a good light and send her a *bon voyage* present of a jar of rejuvenating cream!"

Polly shook her head. "It's a nice thought, Dody, but she doesn't need it. A couple of years, maybe—but then it'll be too late."

MY eyes flashed. "A couple of years nothing!" I said. "We'll just get into action, my girl—Farnsworth and Grant in battle formation! How old do you s'pose she is, anyway?"

"She must be th-thirty!" Polly sobbed. "Her daughter's older than Dickie." She looked at me tragically. "The Woman of Thirty! Oh, Dody, what do men see in them?"

"I think it's the subtle fascination of decay," I told her. I'd read something like that in a book.

"It's unhealthy!" Polly declared, and I nodded.

Once a Married Woman had made a pass at Tiny, and thank heaven he hadn't been interested; but still, it had given me a glimpse of the menace.

"Oh, Dody, I love him so!" Polly said. "And he *did* care—I know he did! And now my life is ended."

I gave her a shake. "Don't be a sap—if he's really like that you're well rid of him!"

I thought maybe I could get her mad and make her snap out of it, but she was too far gone. She just sat there, crying and crying.

I waited with her until we heard Tiny's car; and she told me all about Rafe and the cute things he said and did, like she was his mother or something. But when she heard them coming, she lost all control and claimed she couldn't see any one, and I couldn't make her stand her ground.

"Well, look what's here!" said Tiny, meaning me, and not looking especially pleased about it, either.

"I couldn't very well swim home," I pointed out. "Andy brought me over, and it was my quaint notion that I had a date with you!"

Tiny scowled. "Oke," he said. "I'll run you back. Want to come along, Rafe?"

I gave young Mr. Forbes-Wilton one look which said more plainly than words that if he came along it would be just too bad. But he didn't appear in any mood for boating, anyway. He looked as if he'd just taken an awful beating.

"Think I'll turn in," he muttered, and disappeared.

Tiny chattered in that inane way people have when they're trying to cover up something, and neither of us listened to a word he said. About halfway to the island I turned off the engine switch.

"Two of you making such a clatter is too many," I said. "Besides, you're missing on a couple of cylinders. Shut up, darling, and tell me what it's all about."

No man can ever get away with the look of surprised innocence which my loved one attempted. "What *what's* all about?" he asked.

"Be your I. Q., petty," I begged him. "How deeply is our little friend from across the seas involved?"

The second attempt at I-don't-know-*what*-you-can-mean was more pathetic than the first. "Rafe?"

"No, darling; the King of England." I sighed. "Tiny, did you think that Polly and I were unaware that you went along tonight to save your playmate from a Fate Worse than Death?"

Believe me or not, Tiny actually blushed in the moonlight! "Really, Dody—"

"Oh, skip it!" I snapped. "I'm a big girl now—way

past the age of consent, if you should happen to ask me!" I took time out to admire that *mot* which I'd invented on the spur of the moment, as I do many of my best witticisms, but Tiny never even cracked a smile. "I know all about this so-called masculine honor, deah, but your sister is eating her heart out, and you and I have got to do something about it!"

"You'd better keep out of this, Dody," said my hero.

"Tiny, pulease don't be such a sap! Does Rafe think it's really love, or does he recognize it for that baser thing—" I paused, practically galvanized by young Mr. Grant's expression. "Good grief!" I cried. "Didn't your father ever take you aside and tell you?"

Tiny reached out and took my hand, which had been right there on the end of my arm all the time.

"Honest, Dody, this isn't a joke. I'm worried." He *looked* worried, too. "Rafe wants to marry Margery. He—"

I couldn't help it if I laughed, could I?

"And the menagerie—Dickie-bird and Kitten?" I gurgled. "He'd do better to let Margery adopt him—be her little English sparrow, so to speak."

And now Tiny was looking offended in a most superior way. "Rafe's a man, Dody, and he has an independent income. This isn't kid stuff."

"Back to your mud pies, Farnsworth!" I said. "Darling, kid stuff is what this isn't anything else but! And you and Rafe are acting like—"

Oh, was that the wrong note! Was it sour!

"My dear Dody," Tiny interrupted me loftily, and I cracked, "Take a letter!" But he never paused. "There are still a few things in life which you do not understand. If—"

"Name three!" I pleaded. "I'm dying to hear!"

"If Polly thinks she's in love with Rafe," the professor continued, "she'd better get over it. She's only a kid, and puppy love—"

"Hey! Wait a minute! Way-ut a min-ut!" I stopped him. Polly and I are exactly the same age! I stared at him, stunned.

"She can't hope to compete with an experienced woman of the world," Tiny went on, as smoothly as though he hadn't just sent my whole existence reeling and tottering. "And you'd better keep your hands off, too, Dody!" He started the engine.

WELL, I've heard the You-won't-understand-until-you're-married line a lot of times without biting, but I certainly never expected to hear it from Tiny Grant! So I'd better keep my hands off, had I? Of course the thing that really had me jittering was that crack about puppy love—only a kid.

I think that was the first moment that I ever actually admitted to myself that Tiny had never really said, "Uh-one, uh-two, uh-three—will you marry me?" I mean he'd intimated it in a

million different ways—"After we're married, young woman," and "When you're Mrs. John D. Grant"—but we'd always known we weren't old enough yet to get formal about it. So eighteen was only a kid, and one couldn't hope to compete with an experienced woman of the world, huh?

I leaped lightly to our pier as the Ocean View nosed alongside.

"Good night, darling—if you see any woman of the world on your way back, just put cotton in your ears like Ulysses!"

"Hey!" said Tiny, waking up to the fact that I was out of the boat and that it has been our quaint native custom to kiss each other good night.

"Hey, what's your hurry, goop?"

But I went right on, walking very fast—because, oddly enough, I appeared to be crying, myself, now!

SOME girls like to cry and some do not. Personally, it always makes me hopping mad, and by the time I'd shed the final tear (along about the second quart) I was plenty angry to go scratch a wildcat. I was mad at Tiny and Rafe and even at Polly; in fact it seemed to my well watered vision that every one was being a sap but me and just possibly Mrs. Margery Richardson. And it seemed, also, that the signs all pointed to the necessity of my making one out of her.

So Tiny thought that Polly—and by implication myself—couldn't hope to compete with an experienced woman of the world! So an affair with Polly was puppy love, while this demented passion for somebody else's wife and mother was something to get steamed up about! And if Tiny believed that where Rafe was concerned, what would he believe if one of those worldly lasses went for him?

I realized that I couldn't hope for any help from Polly; and while I knew that I was on my way, I certainly didn't have any idea where I was going. What, I asked myself, would George Washington do? What would Napoleon do? Or Mickey Mouse?

Well, the first thing I did was to give the Groundhog a dollar.

I'd better pause to explain a few things about the Groundhog. He is, as you know, my little brother, and it's only in the last year or so that he hasn't endangered his life every time he came into my presence. Raw oysters with hot chocolate sauce would be a delectable combination compared to what we used to be like when we mingled. I honestly don't think we exchanged a civil word for a dozen years.

It may have begun because when he was born I stopped being the baby. Andy and Ted had always been such swell big brothers, so good-looking and with really remarkable manners for male relatives, but from his birth the Groundhog was a gangster, a Bolshevik, and an individualist. Why, when he was only three, he cracked me over the head with a croquet mallet—which some of my friends claim accounts for a lot; and when, the



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GOING TO BED—
**DULL, LOGY
BILIOUS**



AFTER
WAKING UP—

**FRESH
AND
CLEAR-HEADED**

I DID IT THIS WAY

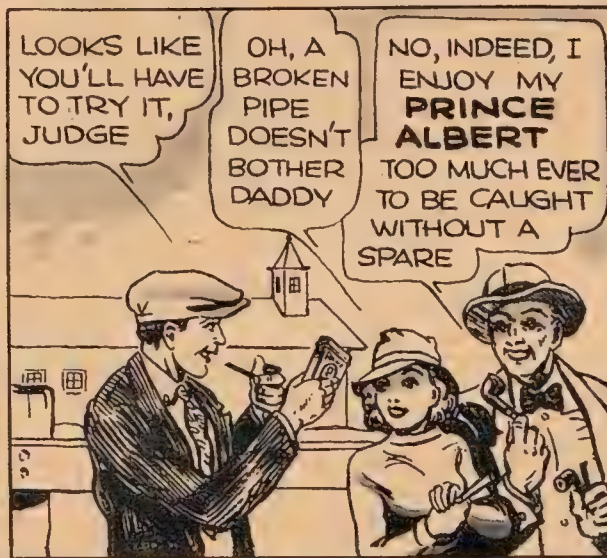
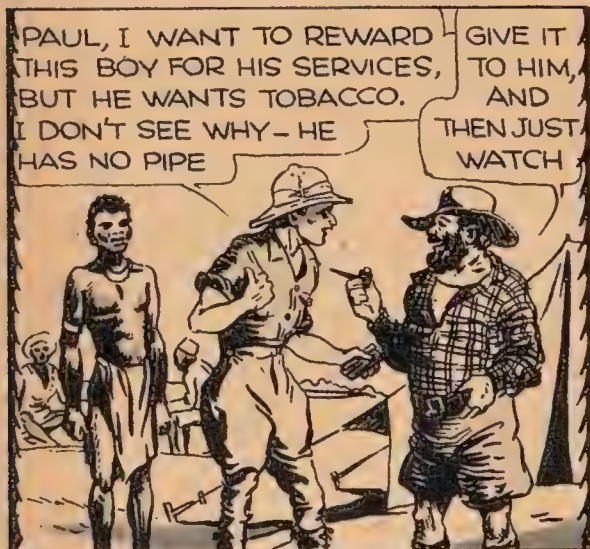
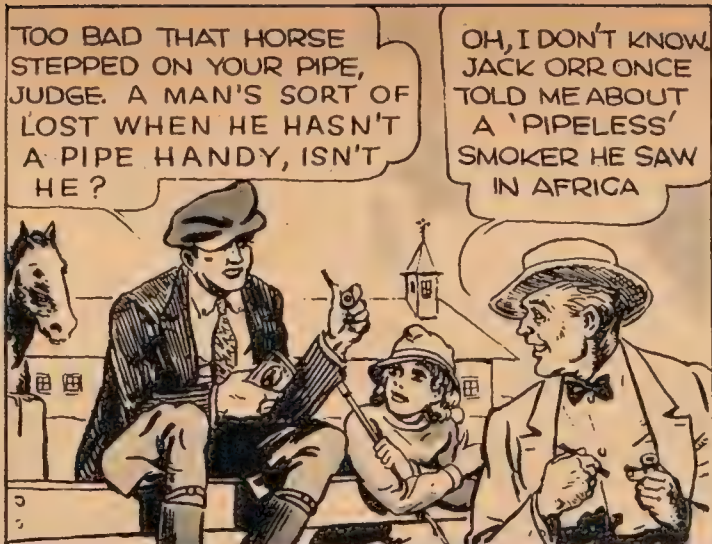
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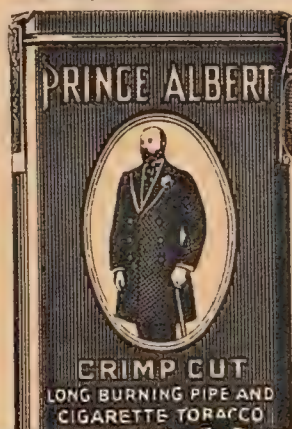
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summer I was sixteen, Tiny finally looked at me and saw that I was O.K., the Groundhog acted like Tiny had just moved away. Until then he'd worshiped the ground Tiny walked on—the one instance of intelligence I'd ever observed in the brat—but from the moment Tiny tumbled he was just one more fallen idol.

Well, years do a lot, and maybe we've both mellowed. These two past summers we tossed a little sand over the hatchet and occasionally even do one another a good turn.

"I know where there's another dollar just like this one that you could earn," I told him.

"Who d'you want bumped off?" asked my Baby Brother.

I could have kissed him, egg, marmalade, crumbs, and all. Naturally I couldn't explain everything, but I told him what was necessary and what I expected him to do.

"You say it's an electric train this kid's got?" he inquired.

"And they have a radio—and swell food. It won't be so bad," I assured him.

"Oke," said the Groundhog, pocketing the first dollar, and Operator Number One, Spy Thirty-seven, swaggered forth into the bright morning to earn his keep.

TO be quite candid, which is usually a big mistake, this was not the first time I had used the Groundhog for espionage work. Maybe one reason I didn't use to like him so much is because he has always been an abnormally observant little boy. I'm sure he'll grow up to be a G-man, or anyway a newspaper columnist, if he escapes a criminal record.

I sort of lay low and bided my time, which makes dull reading, so consider a couple of days' time bid. Tiny was in and out, but I left Polly to her tears for the nonce.

"Billy's struck up quite a friendship with Dickie Richardson," Tiny told me. "I think it's the electric train."

"Seems to fascinate all you big men," I murmured. "I'm thinking of getting one and becoming a danger to the community myself!"

He let that pass, but I could see he was suspicious. Whenever I'm agreeable and don't ask bothersome questions, Tiny always begins to wonder.

On the third day the Groundhog was full of information as usual, but what he thought was news was one thing, and what struck me full in the eye like a splash of grapefruit juice at breakfast made me wonder if I was losing my grip on account of it hadn't occurred to me before.

"Tiny an' Rafe was over to Richardsons' an' Tiny was helpin' th' kid an' me set out some new track, when Mr. Richardson came home," he told me. "You'd ought to've heard Tiny sayin' hello and how glad he was to see him. So Marge came runnin' out of the kitchen, pleased as punch. It seems it's Dickie's birthday next week—he'll be nine—an' after Tiny an' Rafe went home he was sayin' he

wished his sister—you know, the one they call Kitten that they have that picture of taken when she was a little girl—could come down from camp; but Marge, she—”

“Here’s your dollar, Billy,” I interrupted him breathlessly. “Look—do you know what camp Kitten’s at?”

He did, and I took a deep breath.

“How old is Kitten, anyway?” I asked, crossing my fingers. And you know what? When he told me, I kissed him!

I love to plan things, and so does Polly; but this particular plan really was Tops. And it was extra fun on account of it was all so stealthy. Getting the list of girls at Camp Mugglewump or whatever its silly Indian name is, and then finding one we knew who knew Kitten Richardson, and then—this was superb—actually getting Mrs. Grant to beg us to do an errand in Bangor, and losing our way late that night—

Modesty and a slight mental daze prevent me from going into all the dirty details, but the crossroads certainly were muddy. Philo Vance or Charlie Chan never did better work.

And Camp Mugglewump took us to its piny bosom. Just a couple of healthy outdoor girls we turned out to be, with shiny noses and keen eyes that look toward distant horizons.

It wasn’t difficult to persuade the female Tarzan who ran the place that Mrs. Richardson would be just overjoyed if we took Kitten back with us for the week end. It would be such a surprise for her! we exclaimed with simple girlish enthusiasm. I think, myself, she was popping with curiosity to have one of her girls stay at Farnsworth Island and come back to Tell All. Just because it’s a private island and the house is kind of big and all, people do invent the weirdest tales about it.

The Groundhog used to sit on the end of our private pier with an air rifle and snipe at people who sailed too close to the shore.

Polly and I were riding high. Of course we had seen both the Richardsons, and they are what is called a handsome couple, but still they might have had an eyesore for a child. Not so. Even in a middy blouse and unspeakable bloomers, with her hair all wrong and her face bright with soap and camp spirit and clean thinking, she had what it takes.

“The only thing that worries me now,” Polly confided, looking as though she hadn’t a care in the world, “is that maybe Rafe really will fall for her!”

“Even that,” I said, “would be a stumble in the right direction.”

Well, we all yodeled our farewells—the ladies gave us the camp cheer in the early morn—and we climbed into the car, with the Kitten safe between us.

“Mother isn’t going to approve of my leaving camp,” she told us. “She—”

“Be your age, Kitten,” I advised her. “Or maybe a couple of years older.” I gazed at her fondly. “How much money you got, Polly?”

Well, Polly had seven and I had nine, and while Bangor is not even Paris, Maine, you’d be astonished at what sixteen dollars can do for feminine charm. We had her eyebrows shaped and her hair cut and permanented, her fingernails and toenails tinted, and bought her a pair of evening slippers.

And did the Kitten adore it! Was she thrilled! It made me almost want to be fifteen again.

“Will the saps be running!” breathed Polly as we escorted our treasure back to the coach.

We stopped at the town on the other side of the Cove while I telephoned Captain Penny to have a boat ready to take us out to the island, and I whisked Kitten off before any one could see her, and Polly drove the car back to her place.

“We won’t let your mother know you’re here until tonight at the club,” I told her.

She gave me a funny look. “There wouldn’t be any reason for any of this, would there?” she asked, and before I could speak she took hold of my hand and squeezed it. “Listen, Dody—it’s worth it, no matter if I get put into a convent! I—I don’t want to know what it’s all about.”

Intelligence and the better part of valor as well as charm, I thought to myself approvingly, and I paused to try to recall what Tiny’s reaction was to small violet-eyed brunettes. Kitten was not her mama’s daughter for nothing; what she didn’t know she’d learn fast.

Andy said, “That’s a cute little trick you brought back, Dody. School friend?”

“The school of life,” I answered. “How’s for you taking her to the club tonight?”

“Can do,” said my big brother, and I didn’t think it was all fraternal helpfulness, either.

By nine o’clock Kitten and I were old friends. I gave her her choice of my evening dresses, but of course I knew she’d pick the black satin; and while it’s a little on the formal side for the club, having no back and just a soupçon of a train, it certainly aged the child. Silver sandals and clips in her ears, lipstick and a touch of eye shadow—she looked as old as I did!

I got myself dressed somehow in a little jade chiffon number that I didn’t buy because it made me repellent—in fact I’d never worn it before, but I actually felt the need of a new dress. We were all three sitting on the porch when Tiny arrived, and I watched his face as he looked at Kitten.

“This is Tiny Grant,” I said, taking him over to

‘Tisn’t So

by R. E. DOAN



IT IS NOT a fallacy that lizards can discard their tails. The majority of lizards can discard their tails at will, or may do so from shock. Evidently this was a provision of nature to enable the lizard to escape a pursuer—enabling it to leave the tail but save the rest of the body. The break occurs in the middle of a vertebral joint, and a new tail is generally completed in a few months. Generally, however, the new tail is not as long nor as well scaled as the former one.

POWDERED GLASS is not poisonous, nor is it especially harmful. Coarsely ground glass, of course, would be quite harmful if taken internally, but if finely powdered (as it would have to be for use in poisoning food, as often suggested in fiction) it has comparatively little harmful effect.

“MAD AS A HATTER” did not originate in the story, Alice in Wonderland. This expression was undoubtedly popularized by the story, but it was in use long before the book was written. It evidently evolved from “mad as an adder,” referring, of course, to a serpent.

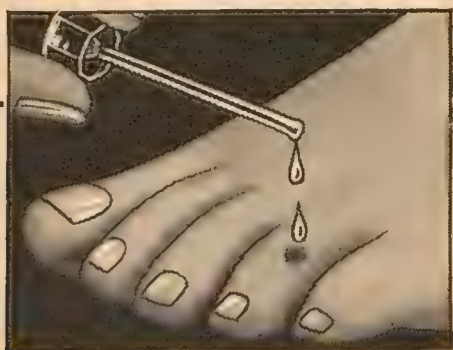
A MAD DOG does not avoid water. Despite the name of the disease, hydrophobia, which would seem to indicate a “fear of water,” a mad dog is usually thirsty and readily drinks water until unable to do so.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE from intoxicating drink is not a requisite of longevity. An analysis of over 2,000 men and women disclosed that while heavy and steady drinkers died from five to eleven years sooner than total abstainers, moderate and occasional drinkers lived from one to three years longer than total abstainers. Of course, the drinking probably did not occasion the extra one to three years of life. More likely, those who were moderate in their drinking were moderate in other things as well.

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her. "Kitten Richardson, Tiny."

The boy is good. I mean Tiny really is superb. Suave, composed, all the rest of it; but as soon as he got me alone he went to pieces.

"Dody—you don't mean—that girl—"

"Yes!" I hissed.

He was practically cutting out paper dolls. "But where—how—"

I didn't want to celebrate too soon. "I've given her a little pep talk about Rafe," I said. "You'll see that they meet, won't you? After all, if he's going to become her stepfather—"

"Awk!" said Tiny. "But—"

He was walking on his heels all right, and I wouldn't give him any satisfaction.

Rafe and Polly were already at the club when we got there. Rafe, of course, still escorted her places, no matter how many times he danced with Margery.

And the Richardsons had not yet arrived.

"Hi, Dody!"

Polly came skipping over to us, sparkling with a gaiety which was by no means forced. "You look swell, Kitten!"

"She looks like a woman of the world," I said demurely. "Don't you think so, Tiny?"

My hero jumped as if some one had stuck a pin in him.

"Rafe dear," I called—and I couldn't help it if my voice sounded a little like the Wolf's in Red Riding Hood, and only Andy, who had no idea what it was all about, went on breathing naturally. "Rafe, this is Kitten Richardson, Margery's daughter."

"Let's dance, Dody," said Tiny in a choked voice.

Polly, the bright lass, put a firm arm around my brother and said, "Andy, you're having this one with me or else!"

"You don't think Rafe will faint or anything, do you?" I inquired anxiously. "He—" I paused. He hadn't fainted—he was dancing with Kitten; but in all my days I never hope to see such an expression on a human face again!

TINY was recovering. "You might have been less brutal about it, Dody," he told me. "Rafe must feel like Rip van Winkle." He shook his head. "I'm feeling a little becalmed myself. How old is Margery?"

"I wouldn't know. She couldn't have been more than six or seven when Kitten was born, would you think?"

Tiny looked at me affectionately. "And I told you to keep hands off!" he said.

"You're reminding me!" I murmured.

The orchestra leaned on their shovels, and we stood looking about.

"There they are now!" said Tiny excitedly, and I didn't have to ask who he meant.

Margery, across the room anyway, looked like Kitten's younger sister, very cute in pale-blue net, with forget-me-nots—which I bet proved superfluous—in her dark hair.

She waved at Rafe, and then there was an instant when she actually stood and waited for him to introduce Kitten! Her own daughter!

Of course I couldn't hear what they said, and I'll never know what she was thinking, but I will say for Marge that her smile never cracked. She embraced her child, and held her off and admired her.

And then Rafe, game to the end, asked her to dance.

ANDY had retrieved Kitten, and that left Polly and Mr. Richardson; and I know what they said, because Polly told me.

What I mean, when a man coins a phrase like he did, you never forget it.

"They look like sisters, don't they?" said Mr. Richardson; and Polly, not to be outdone in originality, came back, "You can hardly tell which is the mother and which is the daughter!"

Well, the cards were reshuffled, and pretty soon the Richardsons were dancing together, and Polly and Rafe also.

Tiny and I passed Andy and Kitten on the veranda steps as we went out into the night.

Tiny kissed me some, on account of we'd gotten behind in our homework, with all this other activity, and then he laughed.

"You win, Dody. I'll chew each word ten times before I swallow it."

"That's all right," I murmured happily. I mean it was all over now, and there was the future to think of, though the present kept on interfering. Well—skip that.

When we went back in, Margery came up to us.

"Dody, I want to thank you for being so sweet to Kitten," she said. "It was such a complete surprise—and she's simply thrilled to death by all this."

"She's a darling," I answered, "and so pretty. She's the image of you, of course." We smiled and nodded. "You and Mr. Richardson will come over to the island for dinner tomorrow, won't you?"

"We'd be delighted," said Margery. "Dick and I are going home now—you'll keep an eye on Kitten for us, won't you?"



It was our first embrace as we kissed one another good night.

Tiny looked down at me. "Just a couple of women of the world, eh?" he asked, but there was admiration as well as teasing in his eyes, and he held on to my arm very tight. "Shall we dance this dance, Miss Farnsworth?"

I raised my eyes languidly. "One gets so bored dancing," I murmured. "Let's sit it out, shall we?"

Tiny grinned. "There's a dangerous look about you, young woman!" he said. "I think I'd better get Rafe to protect me."

I shook my head. "Darling, don't you know yet that you haven't got a chance?" I asked sweetly, and he said, "Prove it!" and— Well, the Family says we've got to wait at least a year, but they let Tiny buy me an engagement ring!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—She's no longer two (as in the early photo at the left) but now sings high F in radio, opera, and films. Born at Cannes one Friday the thirteenth, her lucky day came along in 1931 when she made her American debut at the Metropolitan.

"Tiny but mighty." Who is she?

2—How many United States oysters are harvested each year?

3—What was Kipling's first name?

4—Which came first, West Point or Annapolis?

5—How is the sound of eggs frying reproduced for radio?

6—Where was a man recently jailed for refusing to shave his Hitler mustache?

7—Whose body did the British government recently refuse to surrender to the Irish Free State?

8—What is the difference between Indian and Chinese lacquer?

9—Do any fish guard their eggs and young in their mouths?

10—Where is the beating of plowshares into swords referred to in the Bible?

11—Who was said to be the world's greatest practical joker?

12—How many impeachment trials has the United States Senate held?

13—By what name is Budd Hulick better known to millions?

14—Who was W. H. (Coin) Harvey?

15—What well known movie comedian operates a large commercial dog kennel?

16—Who first took sap from maple trees, and made maple syrup and sugar?

17—Topiary is what?

18—Who was the first man commissioned as an engineer officer in the United States navy?

19—What bird of the crow family was glorified by a clergyman in a book of poems?

20—Who starred in the talkie, Henry the Eighth?

(Answers will be found on page 25)

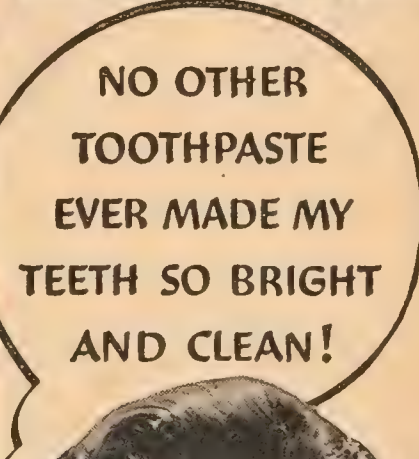


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READING TIME



CHANCELLOR ADOLF HITLER

WE were a group of four Americans on a recent Sunday afternoon, taking tea at the Kaiserhof in Berlin. In addition to our party there were only five others in that Kaiserhof tearoom, and they were evidently Germans. We finished our tea and had called for the check when the little German waiter bent over me and said, "If you will stay for another half-hour, Chancellor Hitler will be here."

With typical American curiosity, we stayed.

Promptly on schedule Herr Hitler appeared, almost by magic, in the room. There was a sudden scurry, a sense of electrical excitement, a sudden hush, waiters moving about swiftly, and in stepped a group of young Germans dressed in their black Sunday best—black suits, black ties, white collars. They quickly walked over the entire tearoom, examining every curtain, table, and window. Then came Hitler and his entire cabinet.

As Hitler entered, he raised his hand in a lazy half-hearted Nazi salute, walked over to a table, sat down, surrounded by every single member of his cabinet. All of them ordered tea and sandwiches except Herr Hitler himself, who ate nothing during the hour that they remained in the Kaiserhof tearoom. The others ate heartily, talked, told stories, laughed, and seemed to be in a generally hilarious mood.

Hitler himself smiled but did not laugh. He seemed to have come merely to listen to the music. Now and then he smiled. Once he included our table of Americans in his smile, and it made quite an impression on the women in our party. We had heard the usual rumors about his physical and mental ill-health—that he was incapacitated; that he had gone crazy.

We sat for an hour watching Hitler's every move and facial expression. He seemed to be in a normal condition, alert mentally, with a rather pleasing smile; not bad to look at; with rather a kindly look in his eyes; quite unlike the man who was said to have taken a personal part in the terrible Purge of 1934.

After an hour of sitting quietly in that tearoom several of the guards suddenly arose and went outside. I was told later that that entire hotel was surrounded by Storm Troops all the time Herr Hitler and his cabinet had been having their tea. When the guards came back Herr Hitler arose with a quick movement and departed. Each member of the cabinet departed from that room by a different route. It was evident that precautions were necessary and their movements, both in entering that tearoom and in departing, were what might be called cautious.

But on all sides, the day following our chance contact with Herr Hitler, I was told that the real man behind the scenes, more powerful even than those cabinet members, was Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, and he was not present at that public appearance of the Chancellor. Quietly, modestly, but surely he has been in the ascendancy among the intimate personal friends and advisers of Herr Hitler. I must see him if I wanted to see the real Bismarck of the present regime in Germany. In recent months that general rumor in Germany has been confirmed, for it was Von Ribbentrop who negotiated the French naval agreement; it was he who was sent on a secret mission to Italy; it was he who more recently negotiated in London what was called the First Phases of the Rhine Battle.

Exactly one week after my chance encounter with Hitler and his cabinet in the Kaiserhof I was a guest in the Von Ribbentrop home for lunch and the afternoon.

As we sat at a long family table in that simple German home on the outskirts of Berlin, I sat at the left of Frau von Ribbentrop, a young and attractive German woman who had been educated in England and spoke perfect English, as did her distinguished husband. It was a typical family gathering. Herr von Ribbentrop's father and mother were there, a few friends, two children of the family, and myself.

As we chatted I told Frau von Ribbentrop of my chance encounter with Herr Hitler and his cabinet in the Kaiserhof tearoom the Sunday before. She smiled and said, "Yes, the Chancellor ate lunch with us last Sunday, sat in the chair you are now occupying, and left here for that Kaiserhof engagement at four. You see, there have been so many rumors of the physical and mental incapacity of the Realm Leader that it was thought wise for him to make a personal appearance so that people could see for themselves that he is well and mentally alert."

Following our luncheon in the Von Ribbentrop home there was an informal afternoon of talk about the affairs of the Reich. There was talk of Germany's desire to get her colonies back. That seemed to be the chief question

Be Kind to the Jews?

...ming, Says "the Brains Behind Der
...er Given to an American Magazine

TIDGER

MINUTES 40 SECONDS

in Von Ribbentrop's mind. What did the United States think of that possibility? What did the United States think of the Jewish question?

When told that the United States could never befriend Germany with Jewish atrocities going on, I was told that there would be a decided modification of those atrocities in a short time; and that even the United States would be satisfied. I was told by this power behind Herr Hitler that the two or three leaders in the Jewish persecutions would lose their power in the Reich. I could count on that definitely.

Then there was talk of the Purge in which Herr Hitler, according to American newspapers, had taken a personal hand. I asked about that.

Von Ribbentrop replied, without precaution or embarrassment, "On the day of the so-called Purge, when the Chancellor flew down to München and back, I met him at Tempelhof with my car and brought him back to stay all night here in our home. When he climbed down from the airplane and got into the car, I said to him, 'Chancellor, you look very tired. You must have had a hard day.' The Chancellor replied, 'I am very weary. You see, my comrade, I created all of those party leaders. I took them when they were nothing and I gave them places of leadership. They betrayed that trust and that leadership in their degeneracy and in their disloyalty. I was chiefly responsible for their power. I dared not ask anybody else to do what had to be done today. Yes, I am very tired and disheartened.'"

PERSONALLY I did not dare ask what he meant by that phrase. I had read in the American newspapers that Herr Hitler had commanded Roehm to kill himself, and when he refused, that Herr Hitler had shot him with his own gun. I did not press the matter, but I shall never forget that Von Ribbentrop quoted Herr Hitler as saying that "I dared not ask anybody else to do what had to be done today."

There was talk of the United States and Boston. Herr von Ribbentrop in his youth had spent several years in our country. He had been in Boston one winter. He remembered a certain woman in Boston with whom he had skated on the Charles River. Her name was Eleanor Sears. He had liked her vivacity. He would like me to carry a message back to her with his greetings when I returned to Boston. He had always liked America and American ways. He would like to have American friendship for the new German regime.

I told him that there was one way to win that friendship: to see to it that Jewish persecutions were modified. It was then that he assured me that that was the intention of the present regime in Germany and that I could be assured the power of the chief Jewish baiters was even then on the wane and could watch confidently for it; that Germany was more interested in getting back her lost colonies than anything else; and they realized that to do that they must have the good will of the world, especially that of the United States.

Herr von Ribbentrop is of medium build, decidedly blond, blue eyes; friendly, hospitable, easy, gracious; a perfect host; of a decidedly conciliatory make-up. Nobody in Germany who knows what is going on behind the scenes doubts his power and influence. He is the man who in the next phase of German Nazi history will wield



HERR JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP

the most personal influence with the Chancellor and that influence will be a modifying one.

He assured me that he was anxious for the United States to know that the German people cherished the good will of the American people and that his government would do all in its power to win that good will.

As I was leaving, late that afternoon, something happened which made me know that I had been talking in a historic room. Before I left I walked over to a small alcove in the living room to say good-by to Frau von Ribbentrop and the women guests. Her husband walked to the door with me, and as the servant was helping me on with my overcoat, said to me, "You will be amused [he evidently meant "interested"] to know that in that alcove where you said good-by to the women, the present German government was actually formed, after months of secret meetings and discussions in this house." And then I remembered that it was Von Ribbentrop who had gone to Hindenburg and had persuaded that old war horse that Herr Hitler was the one man who could unify the German people.

We shall hear more and more of this Herr von Ribbentrop in the crucial months and years ahead, for Hitler is depending upon his advice and his modifying views.

THE END

Dark MASQUERADE

READING TIME • 33 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE discreditable reputation that goes hand in hand with Hamilton Burton's fame as New York City's greatest criminal lawyer becomes a distinct threat to his future happiness and ambitions when he meets Betty Allison, a lovely young society girl. Burton, it is rumored, is the legal head of a gang of gunmen and a major figure in underworld dealings. His success as a criminal lawyer has been attained through unscrupulous tactics and tricks in court.

But to Betty, not yet eighteen, the handsome Burton, a distinguished figure in his late thirties, is a champion of the poor and downtrodden; a man of ideals, brilliant and big and fine. Even the startling warning from Jimmy Cronin, a photographer who snaps her picture on board the liner where she met Burton, does not shake Betty from her beliefs.

Betty's mother, however, is not so completely convinced of Burton's sincerity and honesty. And the fear that Betty will learn his true character causes Burton to make desperate plans to remove all stigmas and possibilities that might obstruct his desire to move in the social circle, one of his prized ambitions. He takes his first step in this direction while defending the McCabe brothers, criminals who know too much about Burton's sinister connections. Through slipshod methods and by invoking the wrath of the court—Judge Sludsky—Robert "Butch" McCabe is sentenced to twenty years in Sing Sing.

Burton then orders Larry McCabe to meet Heinie Schwartz, a collector for the gang, at an abandoned filling station near Tarrytown that night. Meanwhile the lawyer has made plans to attend a party with Betty at the Edmonds' estate near by. Close to the designated hour Burton excuses himself from the party and, armed with Larry's gun, goes to the filling station. When Larry arrives in the car and is met by Schwartz, Burton slips out of the shadows, gun in hand.

PART TWO—THE SHADOW OF A CRIME

BURTON moved around the edge of the car, stood beside the open rear window on the right side of the sedan, and aimed the gun. Larry's back was toward him. Schwartz was facing him.

Burton aimed the gun so that the bullet would pass on a line two inches from Larry McCabe's left ear and drill a hole in Schwartz's right temple.

Cars were rushing by from both directions, honking occasionally, filling the night with discord.

Burton pulled the trigger, dropped the gun on to the cushioned back seat, and ran away through the shadows. . . .

Betty was still dancing with the goggle-eyed boy.

Smiling and suave, Burton cut in.

"Thanks for holding my place," he said.

"Don't mention it," Dexter replied in frosty tones.

Betty was in his arms again. Schwartz was dead. Larry McCabe would go to the chair. Butch McCabe would rot in jail. Nobody would squeal on Hamilton Burton. Nobody had anything on him now. He was safe—square with the world. He could be a gentleman.

"Where were you?" Betty asked. "I looked all around for you, but I couldn't find you."

"Betty," he managed to say, looking properly reprov- ing, "there are times when even a gentleman has to use a little bit of powder."

That wasn't what he had meant to say at all. He felt cold at the back of his neck, mentioning powder. He

could smell it now, as pungent as it was when Schwartz fell, dying.

He was relieved to see Betty smile, to hear her shy little laugh.

"There's a photographer here and he's going to print some pictures of us," Betty told him as they danced.

He had a moment of sheer horror. Pictures of him dancing here with Betty—so near the filling station where Schwartz was murdered!

Betty told him about Jimmy.

"Don't worry," he said. "I know Jimmy Cronin. I'll see him tomorrow. I can handle him, Betty."

"I can handle him, too. I'm to see him at the Ritz tomorrow at four—for tea."

"I'll be there as your attorney," he declared.

"Not as my attorney," Betty said. "As my friend." . . .

Hamilton Burton's blue-and-silver roadster drew up in front of the Westchester County jail at Elmsford, and Burton, immaculately dressed, went inside to see his client, Lawrence McCabe.

The grand jury was in session and a prompt indictment certain.

The kindly officials of Westchester were helping Burton more than they realized in speeding up the trial. The newspapers were helping too. They had already convicted Larry.

Schwartz [one paper pointed out] was the collector for a huge gambling syndicate that operated in and about New York. He had a criminal record. He had once been tried for murder. He had long been an object of police suspicion. Judge Sludsky should have known these things. Yet he recommended that Schwartz be permitted to carry a gun. Why?

Yesterday this upright jurist sentenced Robert "Butch" McCabe to twenty years in the penitentiary, reprimanded his attorney, Hamilton Burton, and had Mrs. McCabe, aged crippled mother of the defendant, forcibly removed from his court. Last night "Butch's" brother Larry killed Judge Sludsky's friend. Why? It will be worth watching the trial of Larry McCabe. These puzzling questions may be answered.

Larry's eyes filled with tears at the sight of Burton.

"Geez, I'm glad to see you, boss," he said.

His voice was hoarse, frightened.

"It's all right, Larry," Burton said. "I'll get you streeted, all right. Just sit down now and tell me the truth."

Larry wiped his eyes on his sleeve and sat on the cot.

"Sure I'll tell you the truth, boss." He leaned forward. "I'm drivin' north on the Alb'ny Post Road, see? I come to this fillin' station. It's on the left of the road, see? I'm on the right. I back in, across the road, and wait there. Heinie comes across the road with the dough in a satchel. He stands there chinnin' a minute or two. Then—bang! That cannon went off right back of my



A STARTLING NOVEL OF LOVE
AND CRIME AND REDEMPTION
... CAN YOU DISCOVER THE ILLUS-
TRIOUS ANONYMOUS AUTHOR?



ILLUSTRATION BY
EDGAR MCGRAW

"Are you in love with Burton?" he asked. "I don't know," Betty answered frankly.

ear. I didn't know a t'ing! When I come to, I seen Heinie layin' there on the ground, right by the car.

"I didn't see nobody. It was too damn dark, for one t'ing. And I didn't hear nobody beat it. And the first t'ing I knew, here was a car full o' cops shinin' its brights in me eyes and hollerin', 'Up with your hands and come out of that car, you moiderer!'

"But that ain't nothin'. Wait'll you hear this. Some bull finds my rod in the back seat. Geez, boss, it's the

Gawd's honest truth, I ain't lamped that gun in over a year. I lost it after that Staten Island job. And there it was—with one shot fired. Geez, they even picked up the shell. It was on the ground, near the car. 'This your

gun? 'the bull asted me. I didn't say nothin'. Not a word.

"One guy has got a flashlight, and he takes a squint at Heinie. 'Who's your boy friend, Archibald?' he asts me. I just shook my head, like I didn't know.

"So you don't know Heinie Schwartz," he says. "I thought you and him was thick as thieves. You're Larry McCabe, ain't you?" Geez! He's the guy pinched me for runnin' a load of booze eight—nine years ago. He makes me right away, see?"

When Larry had finished, Burton sat silent.

"Keep your shirt on, Larry," he said at last. "We've got to get a better story than that. No jury would believe it. Let's see. Heinie had two guns on him, didn't he? He took Shandy Hogan for a ride. Remember? You saw him coming. He'd threatened you. He came up close. He wanted you to give him a lift. You were afraid. You knew that's what he asked Hogan to do—give him a lift. You knew he got in the back seat and plugged Hogan in the back of the head. You weren't taking any chances. You told him to go to hell. He made a move for his guns. You plugged him. You had to plug him. It was either his life or yours. We'll get a story like that together and make it stick. Here's something else we've got to settle—what were you doing at that filling station? Now, you've got to keep me out of this. You can't say I sent you there. I'm your lawyer. They wouldn't believe it anyway. They'd think I was lying for you. No. You were waiting for a girl. She told you to meet her there. The girl had put you on the spot so Heinie could take you for a ride."

"What girl?" Larry demanded.

"Never mind what girl. I'll furnish the girl. You just sit tight and keep your lip buttoned."

It would have to be a speedy trial. Betty was going back to that Swiss school in August or September. The trial would have to be over by then and Larry safe in the death cell at Sing Sing.

At four o'clock Burton entered the lobby of the Ritz and saw Jimmy Cronin.

"Cronin," Burton opened fire, "I'm representing Miss Allison in this matter of your camera. Send the bill to my office and I'll pay it immediately."

Jimmy inhaled offensively.

"You smell so sweet!" he said. "And it isn't your gardenia in your buttonhole either. I know. It's your personality. Essence of shyder diluted with hair tonic but unmistakable. If the D. A. could get a whiff of you now!"

Burton's eyes narrowed.

"You're a pretty fresh kid, Jimmy," he said, "but not quite tough enough to talk to me like that."

Jimmy laughed. Suddenly he straightened up. With a quick motion he circled the attorney and went swiftly across the lobby toward Betty, who was walking with her mother and Dexter Putnam.

"Betty!" he cried.

"Hello," she answered.

She didn't smile. She walked past him to Burton.

"Why, Mr. Burton!" she exclaimed. "Imagine meeting you here!"

BURTON held her hand and inclined his head toward her, smiling fatuously. Before he could say a word, Mrs. Allison bore down on him with Dexter in tow.

"How do you do, Mr. Burton?" she said. "Dexter, tell François a table for three, please. This is Mr. Putnam, Mr. Burton. Mr. Burton's a lawyer. We met him on the boat." She turned quickly on Jimmy. "You are the camera artist?"

Betty whirled around, smiling impishly.

"Yes, mother. That's he. You see, Mr. Cronin, I've already told mother how I bumped into you yesterday when you were taking pictures at Sherry's at teatime. She's just as sorry as I am. It was all my fault."

She smiled at Burton.

"Dexter and I were dancing," she explained, "and I bumped right into Mr. Cronin so hard he dropped his camera and smashed it."

"At Sherry's?" Jimmy said. "Teatime? I thought it was later than that, and—and somewhere else."

Betty's cheeks flew crimson flags.

"Whatever the charge is," Mrs. Allison volunteered, "send the bill to me. We've taken a house at Rye for the summer. Spottiswoode, it's called. Just address it to me there."

"Gladly, Mrs. Allison."

Dexter, who had been looking now at one of his rivals, now at the other, suddenly grinned in triumph and started toward the dining room. Betty and her mother followed him, nodding pleasant good-bys. They stood just inside the dining room, watching Dexter.

Jimmy went across the lobby in great strides.

"Oh, Mrs. Allison!" he said.

Mrs. Allison and Betty turned to him.

"Please don't think me rude, Mrs. Allison, and please don't be angry with me. I must have your picture, Mrs. Allison. I work for fashion and society magazines. I make character studies. I'm a fiend for them. And you have so much character, you're so—what shall I say?"

"Spirituelle?" she helped him. "I've been called that."

"The very word. The exact word. Spirituelle!"

"Don't listen to him, mother," Betty said. "He's trying to flatter you."

JIMMY looked at Betty as though he'd never seen her before, and turned his smile full on her mother.

"Your daughter's pretty," he said, "but she hasn't your spirituelle beauty, Mrs. Allison, your—"

"Exactly," Mrs. Allison said. "I understand perfectly, Mr.—"

"Rembrandt," Betty said. Fury was in her eyes.

"Of course, Mr. Rembrandt! Immediately after tea."

Dexter was returning with the head waiter.

"There—there isn't a table left," he wailed.

"Then give them my table, François," Jimmy said.

"If you wish, Mr. Cronin," François said. "Thank you very much. I am indebted to you, Mr. Cronin."

"Cronin?" Mrs. Allison asked.

"James Rembrandt Cronin, Mrs. Allison. No doubt your daughter remembered only part of my name."

"No doubt. But I can't deprive you of your table, Mr. Rembrandt—Cronin. No indeed."

"Then suppose you let me be the host to you all, Mrs. Allison. Afterwards, if I may, I'll talk pictures with you."

Again Mrs. Allison beamed.

"Thank you so much," she said. "It will be a pleasure, a great pleasure."

Jimmy turned and gloated, enjoying Burton's discomfiture.

"Wait," Betty said.

She hurried over to Burton, thrust her hand into his, and looked up at him.

"Ham, I'm so sorry," she said. "I intended to have tea with you and that—that photographer. But then mother phoned she was coming into town. I said I was having tea here with Dexter. She insisted on coming along. I had to get hold of Dexter right away. Luckily I found him. Then I tried to reach you, but you were out, and your secretary wouldn't tell me where you were."

"I understand, Betty," Burton soothed her. "I knew it wasn't your fault. It's wonderful to see you, even for a few minutes. But I must see you again soon. And alone, Betty. Please."

"I'll manage it, Ham. I promise. Good-by for now."

"Good-by."

Back at his office, Burton plucked the gardenia out of his lapel and threw it on the floor.

"You're a wicked devil, Ham," Julie baited him. "I bet you'd even step on that poor white flower if I weren't here."

"Cut the chatter. What about the dough?"

"You'll get it. Butch McCabe has promised to dig up a war chest for his brother, and the fact that he's in Sing Sing won't hamper him, he says. Some of the other boys are kicking in, too."

"Good. I'll need it."

"Sure you will. You always need money. Thinking of a trip to Switzerland, I'll bet."

The trial of Larry McCabe for the murder of Heinie

Schwartz began on a Monday morning near the end of July.

Burton asked the prospective jurors but few questions:

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Did you know the deceased?"

"Did you know any friends of his?"

"Are you acquainted with any New York gangsters?"

"Do you know Judge Max Sludsky of New York?"

He hoped that his constant iteration of the judge's name and its repeated publication in the newspapers would make Sludsky resign or drop dead. And he had a more sinister motive.

Abe Scholtz, the young District Attorney of Westchester County, began his opening address:

"Gentlemen of the jury, we in Westchester County believe in upholding the law, in administering justice to the full extent of the law. We also believe in showing mercy when we can.

"But this is a case of cold-blooded murder, gentlemen of the jury. This is a case in which two New York gangsters are involved—one of them dead, the other here on trial before you. This is a case from which Mercy shrinks in horror, gentlemen. This is a case that calls for stern implacable justice—for death in the electric chair."

Larry jumped. His mouth fell open. His eyes bulged.

Mrs. McCabe stopped chewing snuff.

"Don't mind him, Larry b'y," she whispered. "He's only shooting off his mouth."

"Hush," Burton whispered. "Keep your mouth shut, you fool. You'll get thrown out of this court too."

Scholtz had stopped in his harangue as if the whispers of the old woman had annoyed him. He went on again. His address was brief, concise, logical, and cold.

Burton rose calmly when it was done.

"The defense will make no statement at this time, Your Honor," he said. "But we reserve the right to make it when we begin our case."

The judge nodded and court adjourned for the noon recess.

"THE McCabe case began yesterday," Betty said.

She was looking out to sea. The raft bobbed up and down quietly on the gentle swell.

"Seriously," Jimmy said, "do you want to go see your boy friend lose his case?"

"Lose? He's never lost a murder case yet. You said so yourself. He's not going to lose this one. I do want to be there. You've got to take me, Jimmy. You promised."

"Oh, all right."

They swam to shore and ran through the moist and shining sands to Betty's great striped parasol.

Jimmy wiped his hands on a red-and-white towel, put two cigarettes in his mouth, lighted them, and gave one to Betty.

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"What do you see in that guy, anyway?" he demanded.

Betty didn't reply. She was rubbing her arms and shoulders with a pink oil she poured into the palm of her hand from a perfume bottle.

"Are you in love with Burton?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered frankly. "I think he's fine, and big, and noble. But I haven't seen enough of him to tell you truthfully. Don't ask me silly questions, Jimmy. Please. Because—because right now I can't answer them." Her eyes were pleading with him. "So many girls make mistakes. So many, many of them, Jimmy. When I'm sure—I'll tell you everything. Is that a bet?"

"It's a bet." . . .
"We've got to change our story, Larry," Burton said.

He threw some magazines and papers from Larry's cot to the floor and sat down wearily.

"Just when I got it down by heart! Geez!"

"Listen to me. Six cops have testified exactly where the shell was found. Now, firing from the front seat of the car, your gun couldn't possibly have ejected that shell to the place where it was picked up. So here's what you did: You saw Schwartz coming across the road. You were afraid. You got out of the car, on the right side, hoping he wouldn't see you. You started back toward the back of the car, trying to hide. But he saw you. He called you a dirty name and made a move for his gun. You let him have it. When you fired you were standing outside the rear window of the machine—the right rear window. That'd put the shell where it belongs."

"Aw right. Then what?"
"Then you got panicky. You started to beat it. You had to open the front door of the car. You couldn't, with the gat in your fist. You threw the gat in the back seat, got in the car—and then the cops arrived."

"Sure. But say, listen. What about them fingerprints?"

"NEVER mind about them. There weren't any on the gun. The State's brought that up a thousand times. They want to make it seem a more deliberate murder than it was. Scholtz'll get up and tell the jury that you deliberately wiped off the fingerprints on the gun. You see?"

"Yeah, I see. I wiped off the fingerprints."

"No, no, no! You wore gloves, you chump. You didn't leave any prints. You had your old pigskins on—the gloves you use only when you drive a car."

"Aw right. What became of them?"

"I'll bring a witness who'll produce the gloves. He found them by the side of the road, just after the police car went by. Now let's go through it again; and you've got to get it right, if I have to stay here all night and keep you awake. Now. . . ."

On the third day of the trial Larry McCabe took the witness stand and, in response to the questions of his attorney, told the story of the killing of Heinie Schwartz.

"Your witness," Burton said to Scholtz when he had finished.

Scholtz stood some time in silence, merely looking at the witness, making him nervous.

"Mr. McCabe," he said gently, "there has been much talk on your counsel's part concerning Judge Max Sludsky of the New York bench. You know this man, do you not?"

"OBJECT!" said Burton quickly. "Immaterial and irrelevant, not proper cross-examination. Not part of the *res gestae*."

"Overruled," said the judge. "You opened the door for this, Mr. Burton. Proceed, Mr. Scholtz."

"Exception," Burton said.

He sat down beside Mrs. McCabe and began to write.

"You know Judge Sludsky, do you not?"

"Sure. Didn't 'e give me brother twenny years?"

"You knew he had helped Heinie Schwartz get his gun permit?"

"Sure. Everybody knew that."

"You didn't like Schwartz, did you?"

"Sure. Heinie was aw right, only"—too late he remembered he had always been afraid of Heinie Schwartz—"only I was afraid of him."

The district attorney smiled.

"I see," he said. "He was all right, only you were afraid of him. And the fact that Judge Sludsky, who sent your brother to jail, was a friend of Heinie's, didn't make Heinie any dearer to you, did it?"

Again Burton objected, was overruled, took an exception. Again Scholtz smiled.

"Answer yes or no," he bade the witness.

Mrs. McCabe rose up suddenly.

"Don't answer him, Larry b'y!" she screamed. "He's tryin' to trap you, Larry."

She leaned one hand on the counsel desk and, supporting herself thus, shook her crutch at the prosecutor.

Burton put his arms around her gently, and sat her back in her chair, saying, loud enough for the jury to hear:

"Now, now, Mrs. McCabe, Mr. Scholtz is only doing his duty. I know how you feel, but you must control yourself. Sit down now, and don't say another word. Your son will have a fair trial."

"Sit down quick, you old hag," he whispered. "You want Larry to get the hot squat? You want to go to jail too? You can't get away with this stuff here. I ought to hang one on your jaw."

He turned to the judge and apologized.

"The court will ignore the incident," said the judge. "But if it occurs again, Mr. Burton, I shall hold you responsible."

"Thank you, Your Honor."

The judge turned to Scholtz. "Proceed with the case." The stenographer read the question. "Schwartz and me was never pals," Larry answered. "The fact that he was stoolin' for Judge Sludsky didn't mean nothin'. He was pullin' a gat, and I let him have it. It was either him or me." "Did the sack of money he was carrying mean anything to you?" "Naw. I didn't know what he had in the satchel." "You didn't know he'd be there, at that particular time, with that particular sack of money? You weren't waiting for him there—in ambush?" "Naw. I was waitin' for a girl. I wasn't even thinkin' of him." "You were thinking of Judge Sludsky—who sent your brother up for twenty years?"

"Object!" "Sustained. It doesn't matter what he thought. You know that, Mr. Scholtz." "You saw Heinie Schwartz crossing the road—Judge Sludsky's friend—and then—" "Object, Your Honor. The district attorney is deliberately—" "Sustained. Mr. Scholtz, you will guard against that line of questioning. You have been warned."

Scholtz was contrite, but he knew he had made his point with the jurors. Burton knew it too. It was the point he had been endeavoring to have brought out. It was shortly after seven o'clock that night that Betty and Jimmy came into the courtroom.

The jury had retired shortly before six o'clock to deliberate on a verdict. At six they had gone to dinner.

The courtroom was almost empty. Near by was a group of young men and women—the reporters, Betty guessed.

Burton was inside the railing, talking to Mrs. McCabe. How thin and worn he looked! He must have been working very hard, trying to save poor Larry McCabe's life. That must be Larry's mother. What a horrid old woman! How nice Burton was to her.

He glanced up and saw Betty. He got up quickly and came to meet her. What a distinguished-looking man!

"I'm thrilled," she said. She was glad he held her hands the way he did. "Not half so thrilled as I am," he said. "For weeks and weeks I've hoped to hear from you, Betty; to get just a glimpse of you. Half a dozen times I've been on the point of dropping everything and going to Spottiswoode. But I couldn't. With a man's life at stake—" "I understand. And I've been on the point of calling you a dozen times. But I realized how frightfully busy you'd be—" "It's my fault, Ham," said Jimmy insinuatingly, thrusting himself into the conversation that threatened to exclude him. "I told Betty you couldn't possibly get away, that you were simply wrapped up in this case. But we've managed to have a fairly good time in your absence, old man. We've been everywhere and done everything, Betty and I. Swimming, tennis, golf, riding. We've even done Play Land."

Burton managed to smile good-naturedly.

"GOOD," he said. "I'm glad to know you've been enjoying yourself. When are you going back?" "To Switzerland? I sail three weeks from today. A friend of mine is being married in Paris. Mother and I are invited to the wedding. Then Mentone, for a rest, before school begins!" "This is terrible! What boat are you taking, Betty?" "Strange how this man always thrilled her. He left so many things unsaid—things that shone out of his eyes, that revealed themselves in the gestures of his hands, that crept into the timbre of his voice.

"The Selig Adler. Is that Mrs. McCabe?" "Yes, that's she."

Burton nodded. "The Selig Adler," he repeated. "Yes, that's she."

"Poor thing. This suspense— But in a little while her son will be back in her arms again. I'm so proud of you!"

Burton shook his head sorrowfully.



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I feel like a dog!"**

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• A LITTLE LATER •

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"I'm afraid, Betty," he said. "I've never felt this way before, waiting for a jury to come in. It's very bad."

"That Sludsky business was a boomerang," Jimmy said.

Burton ignored him.

"It's tough to lose this case—though I haven't lost it yet. I've put my very soul into it. But it will be a thousand times as tough losing you. You can't sail away so soon. It isn't possible."

A stir ran through the courtroom.

"Jury's coming in," Jimmy said.

He grabbed Betty's hand and took her forcibly from Burton.

"We'll sit over here with the press," he said.

The jury filed into the box.

"It's like a play," Betty thought, "only it's real. It's life or death."

Her big eyes watched Larry McCabe stand up and face the jurors, shifted to the strained haggard unkempt face of his mother, stayed there while the verdict was read aloud:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Lawrence McCabe, guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged—with no recommendations for mercy."

Betty gripped Jimmy's hand tightly and didn't know it. "Oh!" she cried. "Jimmy, it's death! And look at his mother. I can't stand it, Jimmy. Get me out of here, quick. I didn't dream it would be like this."

Mrs. McCabe was standing very straight, the crutch under her right arm. She was staring at the jurors. As Jimmy rose to escort Betty from the room, the woman suddenly crumpled. The crutch went clattering against a chair. Larry cried out:

"Ma! Get up, ma!"

Betty stopped, staring. Through two blue uniforms she caught a glimpse of Burton. He had the old woman's head in his arms. He was bending over her; and there was such a look of sorrow and solicitude on his face! Betty felt the hard sting of tears against her lids.

"Now do you see why I think so much of Ham Burton?" she whispered. "He fights for people like that, Jimmy; for people nobody else would fight for. He fights with all the strength of his body—of his heart. Look at him! That woman might be his own mother. He'll appeal, or get a new trial, or whatever it is lawyers do. And he'll win next time. He'll save that woman's son!"

"Maybe," said Jimmy, to pacify her. "I shouldn't be surprised. But let's get out of here. The air's stifling." He led her out of the courtroom.

"Jimmy," she said suddenly, gripping his arm, "do you think she's dead? The way she fell—she looked so white, so—so lifeless."

"Gin, Betty," he said. "Didn't you smell it? Burton got her tanked, I guess."

"Isn't he thoughtful? Trying to dull her pain. Oh, Jimmy, he's wonderful! You asked me yesterday if I loved him. I can tell you now, Jimmy. I do. He's the most wonderful man on earth."

BUTCH MCCABE paused in his task of washing dishes in the kitchen of the mess hall at Sing Sing Penitentiary. Somewhere in the kitchen back of him Charley Needles's bright-green parrot was squawking.

"Hello, sister!" he screamed. "Hello, sister! God bless you. Hello, sister! Hello, sister!"

"Shut up," McCabe roared, "or I'll wring your damn neck!"

McCabe would have been a ludicrous spectacle, with his ill-fitting gray trousers, his clumsy shoes, his too-large hickory shirt, had it not been for the fury that contorted his face.

"Hello, sister!" the parrot cried again. "God bless you. Hello, sister!"

McCabe whirled, hurled a heavy earthenware cup. He came close enough to ruffle the parrot's feathers and send him squawking out into the mess hall.

McCabe turned back to his dishes.

"They tell me you damn near killed my parrot," a calm voice said at his shoulder.

Butch whirled around. Needles was standing there,

the bird perched on his right shoulder. There was murder in Needles's little green eyes.

Needles's shirt was silk. His socks and his tie were silk. His shoes were gray suède. His trousers were sharply creased. His black hair was thick and glossy.

"Yeah," McCabe said. "One more squawk out of him and I'll cut his damn throat."

"You'd better cut your own first."

Needles's eyes glared venomously for a moment, then suddenly went soft. They gave Butch a queer sensation.

"I get it," Needles said. "You're Butch McCabe. The kid brother. Touch of nerves. I get it, sure. But keep it down, kid. We all go stir-bugs a little—especially at first. The kid came in this morning. You knew that?"

"Sure I knew it!" Butch shouted. "He got framed. He no more killed Heinie Schwartz than I did. I got twenty years. And Larry's in the death house. And that damn parrot keeps screaming in my ears."

"I get it. I get it," Needles said. "But killing the parrot's out. Forget that. I was coming in here looking for you. On the level. The warden wants to see you. He called up."

"**WHAT'S** he want to see me about? I ain't done nothing."

"Maybe you ain't. That's what you think. You better put on a clean shirt before you see him. That one's sloppy. And shine those shoes. See you later. Out in the yard."

He grinned pleasantly and walked away, the parrot turning on his shoulder to scream in triumph, "Hello, sister! Hello, sister! Hello, sister! God bless you. I get it, sister, I get it. God bless you."

Fifteen minutes later Butch McCabe was shown into the warden's office. The warden was terse.

"McCabe, your younger brother arrived this morning. He's in the death house. He asked permission to talk to you. I've decided to grant his request. You may see him for five minutes."

McCabe's hands tightened on his cap.

"Thank you, sir. I—I appreciate that, warden."

The brothers met, with the heavy meshes of a steel curtain between them. There were no salutations. Butch saw that Larry wasn't crying. That made him feel a little better.

"Look, kid," he said. "Time's short. There's only one thing I got to know. Remember that licking I gave you when you were a punk of ten or eleven? I beat hell out of you. Because you lied to me. Remember? Well, you never lied to me since then. And you ain't going to lie now. Did you croak Schwartz, or didn't you?"

"No, Butch. I didn't. It's Gawd's truth."

"Then who did?"

"Geez, Butch, I don't know no more than you. It was like this, see? Burton sends me up to Tarrytown to meet Heinie. Heinie's going to have the dough. See? Remember the old filling station? I'm waiting there. Heinie comes across the road. He's got the dough in a satchel. We chin. He says for me to send you his regrets. Then—bang!—he's dead. The bullet that killed him come near tearing my ear off. I looked around, but I didn't see a t'ing. I didn't hear nobody beatin' it. And before I can beat it, here comes the cops."

"But it was your gun that killed him?" Butch asked, when Larry had finished.

The steel mesh shook a little under the weight of his hands.

"That's the hell of it, Butch. It *was* my gun. I lost it a year ago. Somebody sure as hell framed me with that roscoe. That's why Burton made me change my yarn, see? Self-defense, we made it. And the judge says—Geez, Butch, I'm goin' to burn! You think Burton double-crossed us? Geez! Maybe he did. Butch, you and me—we knew too much about him—and him makin' a play for a Park Avenue skirt."

"Time's up," the guard said.

"How's ma, Larry?"

"She's aw right, Butch. So long, Butch."

"So long, Larry. So long, kid. Don't—don't take no wooden nickels, Larry, you big lug!"

He dashed out quickly, afraid that he might cry. He was still afraid of crying when Charley Needles found him, hours later, leaning against the wall of the new cell block, staring up at the overcast sky.

"Yeah," he said. "I seen him. I got to get out of here. I got to make a beat! Ham Burton put my brother on the spot."

Little Charley laughed.

"What's so funny about that?" McCabe demanded belligerently.

"I wondered how long it would take you to get wise."

"What do you mean? You know something?"

"All the wise guys have been saying for the last six weeks that Larry'd get the chair. You'd better watch your own step, Butch."

"What would you do, Charley?"

Again little Charley laughed.

"I'd do plenty," he said. "But you can't do anything. You ain't smart enough, Butch."

"I know I'm dumb. But I can learn. I can learn anything. Say, one time in Elmira, when we got up a show, I learned the whole thing in an

hour. And it wasn't no little part either. I was the leading lady."

"In an hour?"

"Well, in a night. Is that a laugh?"

Needles looked at Butch's delicate hands and feet. He didn't laugh. His eyes showed queer interest. He moved a little closer.

"You know something," Butch whispered. "You're a big scratchman. I heard lots about you. You're smart. You could help me if you wanted to."

"But why should I? You might get me in wrong."

"Me? I'm no squealer. You help me, and I'll go to hell for you."

Needles looked furtively around.

"You know, Butch," he said, "I've had a little plan in my head for years."

Meanwhile, Ham Burton is calmly going ahead with his plans to accompany Betty on her return to Europe. Should Butch McCabe be successful in his desperate escape and revenge plot, how will it affect the young society girl? Watch for new complications in next week's installment.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 15

1—Lily Pons.

2—About 11,700,000 bushels.

3—Joseph.

4—West Point, founded 1802. Annapolis, known at the time as the Naval School, was established in 1845.

5—By crackling cellophane in the hands.

6—In London, England. A private of the Coldstream Guards was sentenced to serve twenty-eight days for refusing an officer's order to shave the offending mustache.

7—That of Sir Roger Casement, who was executed for treason in 1916.

8—Indian lacquer is made from the gummy deposit of an insect; Chinese lacquer is prepared from the sap of a tree.

9—Yes. Some African representatives of the *cichlid* family are known as "mouthbreeders" because of this trait.

10—Joel 3: 10.

11—William Horace Devers Cole, an Englishman, who recently died. He is credited with having perpetrated nearly a hundred major hoaxes.

12—Twelve.

13—Just "Budd," of the radio team, Stoopnagle and Budd.

14—The father of the sixteen-to-one silver-coinage movement which the late William Jennings Bryan espoused.

15—Charles Ruggles, who has a kennel of over eighty thoroughbred dogs of various kinds.

16—The American Indians—as early as 1492.

17—The work or art of training, cutting, and trimming trees or shrubs into odd or ornamental shapes.

18—Charles Haynes Haswell, who was commissioned, February 19, 1836, by Secretary of the Navy Dickerson to design steam-power equipment.

19—The jackdaw, immortalized in *The Jackdaw of Rheims* in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, by the Rev. R. H. Barham.

20—

Charles Fayette

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OLYMPIC

WILL THE STARS AND STRIPES TRIUMPH AGAIN? IT LOOKS LIKE A SURE THING

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

IN Japan a nimble Nipponese blazes the 100-meters in world-record time. In Finland a bespectacled youth whips the javelin to a new universal standard. In Ireland a baby-faced giant whirls the hammer to distances untouched by any contemporary athlete. A Korean schoolboy lowers the marathon figures, a burly German erases the discus mark. And the nations of the world march on to Berlin sounding the quadrennial war cry: "Stop America!"

The hope that springs eternal will lend wings to the feet of the greatest athletic army in history this summer as it bivouacs in the trim little village built by the Reich for the games of the Eleventh Olympiad. But, as at Athens, Amsterdam, and Los Angeles, the Finns, the Slavs, and the Japs may as well resign themselves to failure. The significant returns of the 1935 campaign are in and foreshadow another triumph for the United States.

The victory is assured; but whether the margin will be as great as in 1932 rests at the moment on the sinewy legs of our distance runners and the strong arms of our field men.

On the basis of marks turned in within the past year, the United States must be figured to win from nine to possibly twelve individual championships, although the unofficial team championships may be uncomfortably close. As usual, we will display our greatest strength in the events that require "sprint speed"—the 100-, 200-, and 400-meters flat races, the 110-meters hurdles, and the 400- and 1,600-meters relays.

The record makers have already given earnest of their abilities in the past campaign—Peacock and Owens in the sprints, Johnny Torrance, United States, in the shot, Matti Jarvinen of Finland in the javelin throw—but there is always the chance that some mighty-thewed field man, some running phenomenon, may catapult out of comparative obscurity and upset all the dope. In 1932 it was Juan Carlos Zabala, the slight Argentine, who raced away with the classic marathon in record time. In Finland today a broad-shouldered lad named Baerlund is cracking 54 feet in the shot. Who knows what fate lies before Torrance, the mountainous 57-footer from Louisiana?

At this range it looks as if *the* race of the Berlin games will be the 1,500-meters—the metric equivalent of our athletic mile. Among the entrants probably will be five of the greatest runners of all time: Glenn Cunningham, Bill Bonthron, and Gene Venzke of the United States, Jack Lovelock of New Zealand, and, the fortunes of war willing, Luigi Beccali of Italy.

Cunningham has done 4 minutes 6.7 seconds for the longer mile; Lovelock has turned in 4 minutes 7.6 seconds; and Bonthron has recorded 4 minutes 8.7 seconds. Bonthron has the best performance for the 1,500-meters to his credit—3 minutes 48.8 seconds, the world outdoor record. Beccali, who won at Los Angeles in the then record time of 3:51.2, has since lowered the mark to 3:49. Venzke holds the world's indoor mark of 3:49.9.

At present it appears that either Owens or Peacock—consistent 10.3-seconds men—will capture the 100-meters, with Yoshioka of Japan or the veteran Ralph Metcalfe of the United States in third position. Next to Yoshioka the foreign threats are Erich Borchmeyer and Leichum of Germany, and Haenni, a Swiss newcomer. South Africa has Grimbeck, a youth who turned in 9.5 on grass for the 100-yards dash.

The 200-meters presents much the same picture: Owens and Peacock or Metcalfe, or some rearrangement of the Negro trio. The foreign competition seems outclassed here.

If Ben Eastman of the United States does not enter the 400 at Berlin the race will be wide open. Jimmy LuValle of the United States has the apparent edge with a 47.1 effort. Young Dennis Shore of South Africa, who set a British Empire record of 47.3, is another likely candidate, as are his fellow Britishers W. Roberts and A. G. K. Brown. The man to watch here is the sensational Eddie O'Brien of Syracuse, who holds world records at 500 and 600 yards and has the speed to win if "right."

Eastman's Olympic intentions are not yet known; but should he enter the 800-meters the blond Californian must be rated the class of the field. Next to Eastman are the powerful Kasimir Kucharski of Poland and Mario Lanzi of Italy. Two possible place winners are Chuck Hornbostel and Elroy Robinson of the United States, with Stothard of England very dangerous.

The weakness of the United States in the distance races is indicated by the 5,000-meters, where Norman Bright, one of the leading American hopes, has done only 15 minutes. Against him are arrayed the champion, Lauri Lehtinen of Finland (14:36.8), and his countrymen Virtanen, Maki, and Salminen.



CUNNINGHAM



OWENS

FORECAST

THERE ARE FORMIDABLE "IFS" AND "BUTS" TO BE FACED BY OUR ATHLETES
BY BOB MUSEL



PEACOCK



BONTHRON

Janusz Kusocinski of Poland—provided a knee injury heals in time—looks like the best bet to retain the 10,000-meters crown he won at Los Angeles. His competition will come from Salminen and Askola of Finland, Savidan of New Zealand, and Haag of Germany.

The 110-meters hurdles looks like an All-American affair. Al Moreau, Leroy Kilpatrick, and Percy Beard have all tied the world record of 14.2 seconds. Don Finlay of England with 14.3 is the only serious foreign threat.

The outlook is less brilliant in the 400-meters. White and Cochinillo of the Philippines and Tom Moore of the Olympic Club have been timed in 53.4, which is slow compared with the record of 52 seconds. The best mark made this season is 53.2 by Kovacz of Hungary.

Matti Jarvinen, the phenomenal Finnish spear tosser, is a cinch to retain his title and set a new Olympic record. Stoeck of Germany is very formidable. Nikkanen and Toivonen of Finland are the next best men. It is doubtful that an American will place, although Charles Gongloff of Pittsburgh and Horace O'Dell of Manhattan will try hard.

It will take plenty to beat Walter Marty of the United States in the high jump. He has done 6 feet 9¼ inches. His teammate, Cornelius Johnson, cleared 6 feet 10 inches but brushed the bar off with his hand. Ed Burke of Marquette, Al Threadgill of Temple, and George Spitz are other likely American candidates. Jack Metcalfe of Australia, Kalevi Kotkas of Finland, and Asakuma and Tanaka of Japan cannot be ignored.

Another record is certain to go by the board when the spring-legged Owens and Peacock start broad-jumping. Owens at 26 feet 8 inches and Peacock with 26 feet 3 inches are well ahead of the pack. The Japs claim to have a 26-footer, but his chances to win are regarded as slim. Leichum of Germany and Paul of France are consistent 25-footers.

The pole vault may well mark another American sweep. With the exception of Nishida of Japan (14 feet ⅓ inch) we have all the 14-footers.

AMERICA was weak in the hop-step-jump at Los Angeles, but Roland Romero or seventeen-year-old Billy Brown of Louisiana may place this year. Oshima of Japan is reported to have accomplished 51 feet 11 inches, which would be a new world record, and Metcalfe of Australia, 51 feet 10 inches. Romero's best mark is 50 feet 4⅞ inches.

The long American reign in the discus is due for an abrupt end at Berlin unless some superdiscobolus is discovered. The world record rests in the brawny paw of Schroeder of Germany (174 feet 3⅞ inches). Harald Andersson of Sweden is a reliable 170-footer and Berg of Sweden has nicked 169 feet. Gordon Dunn of the United States has been close to 170 feet.

Dr. Pat O'Callaghan of Ireland is flirting with the world record in the hammer throw, having flipped the weight 186 feet 8⅞ inches. This is several feet beyond both the Olympic record and Henry F. Dreyer, the Rhode Island giant. Ville Porhola, the Finnish veteran, Annamaa of Estonia, Janssen of Sweden, and Anton Kishon or Cruickshank of the United States may place.

Harold Whitelock is England's hope in the 50,000-meters walk. He has covered the distance in 4 hours 43 minutes 21 seconds, about seven minutes under the time set by Thomas Green, his compatriot, at Los Angeles. The United States probably will not place among the first five.

There is no Olympic event as unpredictable as the marathon, and this year it is as hard as ever to select a probable winner. Songki Tei, youthful Korean, has been clocked in 2 hours 26 minutes 14 seconds for the 26 miles 385 yards, which was claimed as a new world record. Creditable times have also been turned in by Bill Steiner, Les Pawson, Johnny Kelly, Pat Dengis, and Mel Porter of the United States, Dave Komonen, Canada's "Flying Finn," and a number of other foreigners, notably the Japs Ikenaka, Kusunoki, and Suzuki. Joe McCluskey of the United States took third in 1932 and is a virtual certainty to nab a place.

With its wealth of sprinters, the United States has the best chance in the 400-meters relay and the 1,600-meters relay, although Britain will certainly be a factor in the latter event.

Hans Sievert, German holder of the world record in the decathlon, is one of those with the best chance of winning his event. His mark of 8,790 points—Jim Bausch, United States, won with 8,462 in 1932—means 88 per cent of decathlon perfection in each of the ten events.

THE END

Past Glories and

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary

3 stars—Excellent

2 stars—Good

1 star—Poor

0 star—Very Poor

★★★ ½ THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer, Frank Morgan, Fannie Brice, Harriet Hctor, Virginia Bruce, Reginald Owen, Ray Bolger, Ernest Cossart, Joseph Cawthorn, Nat Pendleton, A. A. Trimble, Buddy Doyle. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Story by William Anthony McGuire.

IN presenting its version of the life of Florenz Ziegfeld, M-G-M has spared nothing. Running a little over three hours in its road-show form, the picture, for all its opulence, hits inevitable doldrums. These patches of lack-luster and sometimes irrelevant display were bound to appear in any film that tries to show and tell all that The Great Ziegfeld does. But the intrinsic weakness of this often beautiful and moving spectacle lies in the treatment of Ziegfeld the man.

William Anthony McGuire's screen play is broadly faithful to the facts of Ziegfeld's eventful life. The story follows the impresario from the early side-show days when Sadow the Strong Man was his chief attraction, up to blazing Broadway glory, and down to embittered defeat. While this tale is not without glamour and a certain poignancy, there is little in it to indicate that Ziegfeld was the superman, the theatric messiah, the great artist and idealist that the film tries to make him out. He was, after all, a flamboyant splurger with a knack for beautifying girls.

Taken for what it is, however, rather than the eulogy it tries to be, The Great Ziegfeld remains a capital show. While it is true that the film lacks humor and seldom has much of an intimate appeal, it is even more true that the grandeur of the settings, the richness of the costumes, the unrestrained lavishness of the whole production combine to make this an irresistible attraction. In fact the film has just those costly and eye-filling qualities that made the Ziegfeld Follies the yearly favorite of that vague body called the public.

There are, of course, the seemingly endless array of beautiful girls, the revived melodies of bygone Follies, and the truly impressive stage settings. Yet it is when the picture is concerned with personalities rather than overwhelming magnitude that The Great Ziegfeld is sprightliest. The lovely Harriet Hctor, tap-dancing Ray Bolger, Fannie Brice, and A. A. Trimble (who impersonates Will Rogers) are more memorable than their million-dollar background.

Covering the many years it does, the backstage story is, of necessity, episodic. Still, this panorama is imbued with color and remarkably played, and in tracing Ziegfeld's turbulent career the narrative captures a wealth of emotion. The always capable William Powell is practically faultless as Ziegfeld. But Luise Rainer, who, as Anna Held, has the best scenes and knows what to do with them, steals the spotlight. Myrna Loy, as Billie Burke, does nothing very much quite pleasantly. Frank Morgan, Ziegfeld's friendly rival, Nat Pendleton as Sadow, and Virginia Bruce, who plays a composite character, lead the more than satisfactory cast.

The Great Ziegfeld gives you, as they say, your money's worth.

VITAL STATISTICS: Long time a student of the G. Z., senator-type Will Anthony McGuire long nourished a picture like this. Sold it to Universal, which found it too big for the Laemmle purse, whereupon M-G-M snapped it up from Universal for \$250,000, gleefully sunk around \$2,000,000 into it—but feels it has something. McGuire put first story into the stage Follies. Started being a playwrighting preacher; was switched to comedy by lady critic Amy Leslie. McGuire says he could go on writing about Ziggy & Co. for two years more, yet not exhaust the subject! . . . (Revived) Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody number cost \$220,000, or \$40,000 more than entire Follies would have set back Ziggy himself back in the grand days. . . . It's not true Marilyn Miller died of a broken heart at not getting lead in this. Producer Hunt Stromberg long-distanced her five times, but could only offer her semi-glorified part, when she wanted lead. On cutting-room floor lie leg glorifiers Ann Pennington, Gilda Gray, and Leon Errol, old Follies folk and all victims of space. There wasn't room

A Career Ended, a Career Begun

Yesterdays on Broadway and Lau

for them—whereas once there wasn't room in the Follies for Powell, Rainer, Loy. . . . When picture started, Harriet Hctor asked Robert Leonard to find out who the man following her around set so annoyingly was. It was Powell's stand-in, W. W. Dearborn, lining up places for Powell's later positions near Harriet! A merry laugh was had by all at Harriet's greenness. . . . Billie Burke thinks Powell hits Ziggy amazingly on the nose. Powell never knew the Glorifier, but spent months studying his gestures, mannerisms, character. Powell's just had a raise to \$6,000 a week. . . . A. A. Trimble, who doubles Will Rogers, gave me a shock the day I saw him on the M-G-M compound, he is that dead a ringer for Will. At that time poor Will had just died tragically a few days before. Trimble is a map salesman from Cleveland; makes frequent appearances at Rotarian lunches impersonating the Great Salty Wit. . . . Among Glorified Girls, Vanita Vardon, former Ziggy gal, married Jack Oakie after finishing her stuff. . . . I could go on forever about how Nat Pendleton became a blonde; how there were 55 dozen silver pheasant tails, 50 pounds of silver sequins, 25 dozen pure white ostrich plumes, 300 crystal drops used in costumes that took five months to confect—but space confines me.

★★★ LET'S SING AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Bobby Breen, Henry Armetta, George Houston, Vivienne Osborne, Grant Withers, Inez Courtney, Richard Carle, Lucien Littlefield, Ann Doran, Clay Clement. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Story by Don Swift and Dan Jarrett.

TOLD with a gentle but not cloying sweetness, Let's Sing Again is a pleasant tuneful account of how a father finds his long lost son. Basically, the picture is just the thickest sort of hokum, but so nicely is it controlled by Director Kurt Neumann and so persuasive is the screen play by Dan Jarrett and Don Swift that this warming little piece provides a surprisingly enjoyable evening.



The Honeymoon Cottage scene from The Great

a Screen Debut

he Films Revive the Glamour of Some
Singing Boy from the Broadcasts

by BEVERLY HILLS

Starring Bobby Breen, the lad who was first noticed on the Eddie Cantor broadcasts, *Let's Sing Again* unfolds its pretentious story in an engaging and touching manner. High-lighted by Master Breen's songs, the picture is set in the traveling side show to which the lyric waif has attached himself. It is when Henry Armetta, a broken-down voice teacher, discovers that the lad has a gift for music that the slight but effective drama begins.

For when a scheming couple, Grant Withers and Inez Courtney, hoping to exploit the boy's talent, take out adoption papers, Armetta is forced to abduct his young charge. While all this is going on, the father, a famous opera star, is frantically searching for the child.

Though *Let's Sing Again* offers no variation on its age-old theme, and though the plot terminates exactly as one would expect, the film makes up in charm all that it lacks in novelty. If no rival to Freddie Bartholomew as an actor, Bobby Breen's natural ways and beguiling voice make him a welcome addition to the growing ranks of child performers. And since he is given admirable support by Henry Armetta and baritone George Houston, young Breen's cinema debut is highly acceptable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bobby Breen, born in Montreal, November 4, '27, has a full set of parents, two sisses, and a bro. Bobby debuted at the Silver Slipper Night

Club in Toronto at the age of four, which seems an awfully late hour for a young man to stay up. Bobby's been singing since three, however, his whole family being given to tonsililting. He has a professional record *that* long. Was once mistaken for a little girl by an impresario; has never stopped resenting it. Hopes to croon opera in time; can handle arias pretty capably now. . . . That leaning walk of Henry Armetta, ex-barber and ex-pants presser, has become part of the real man, so often has he done it on the screen. Henry's married, has three children, eldest being twins. Fourth most active among 9,000 Thespians last year, Henry hopes for fewer and meatier parts. . . . George Houston's deep-dish secret, I'm told, is to don an apron and cook dishes he's eaten in various parts of the world he's supercrooned in operatically. George gets his voice, you know, from his father, a blind street evangelist, with whom he toured for some years. . . . Vivienne Osborne won't be typed, except in that she plays good girls, bad girls, good-bad girls and bad-good girls with equal conviction. Insists she's not temperamental; but when the day is gloomy, so is she. . . . Director Kurt Neumann was sent to Hollywood by Carl Laemmle, who heard him sing at a party in London. Neumann found nobody knew anything about him when he got to Hollywood, so he got lost in the cutting room, from which he worked his way up to a director—not having sung yet.

★ ★ ½ CAPTAIN CALAMITY

THE PLAYERS: George Houston, Marian Nixon, Vince Barnett, Juan Torena, Movita, Crane Wilbur, Roy D'Arcy, George Lewis, Margaret Irving, Barry Norton, Louis Natheaux, Lloyd Ingraham. Directed by John Reinhardt. Story by Gordon Young.

THOUGH color heightens the reality and gives an added visual pleasure to a film, it can hardly, any more than dialogue alone, singlehandedly carry a picture. That's what is asked of it in *Captain Calamity*. Here a hodge-podge of conventional South Sea characters—beachcombers, natives, copra traders, and a young adventurer—stew about in a plot that never succeeds in getting any place. But so lovely are the seascapes, the warm hues of the islands, and the natives that this pedestrian item is not nearly so uninteresting as it would be in black and white.

Somewhat hog-tied by their roles, the players are more or less submerged. Marian Nixon photographs beautifully; Crane Wilbur is splendid as a drunken doctor; George Houston is properly romantic; and Vince Barnett takes care of what is rumored to be comic relief. All in all, though, *Captain Calamity* is only Polynesian piffle.

VITAL STATISTICS: Introducing Hirlicolor, new color process invented by Producer George Hirliman, Hollywood all-rounder. Mons. Hirliman slips a gadget over the camera—any camera—just points it at something, and shoots—unlike complicated methods now in use. Hirlicolor photographs terribly natural, costs little more than black and white, and is expected to revolutionize color processes. . . . Pretty, sweet Marian Nixon is back after a long idleness in which she has been domesticating husband Bill (Beefeater) Seiter. She and Bill exchanged love notes on phonograph records, Seiter being on location at Arrowhead. Miss Nixon thrived when heavenly heroines who did no wrong were quite the vogue. . . . Movita is Mexican, has a twenty-syllable unpronounceable name. . . . Barry Norton is still baby-faced and seems doomed to the fate of a perpetual juvenile. . . . They had to sit on Vince Barnett during filming. Time is money (\$3,500 a day and twenty-three days of filming to go) and Vince has a rep as an irrepressible ribber to uphold.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid.



Ziegfeld, one of the many gorgeous incidents.

The GIRL He Had

by A L I N E B A L L A R D

A Story of Love and a Lonely Heart,
a Baby's Magic Smile, and the Miracle
- of a Shadow Strangely Lifted

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MADDEN MACPHERSON looked again just to make sure his eyes had not deceived him. The solitary figure perched on a stool in the far corner of the old homeopathic laboratory was a girl. He saw a jagged mop of red-gold hair tumbling forward, two hands ridiculously white and small.

Women, of course, studied medicine. He had them in his classes. Stern, prim creatures—not like this girl.

"You're working late," he said, yielding to the challenge of her.

She raised her head. He thought he had never seen a face so serious, nor one so little meant for seriousness. It was as if tragedy had laid a small white mask over it. She looked at him a moment, and then, apparently remembering that he had spoken, said, "Yes," and went back to the microscope.

By its serial number he recognized the slide she was studying as belonging to the respiratory group. Similar material lay all about her. In a jar a lung floated in sickly green preservative; beside it was spread a chart of the human chest, life-size.

"You'll find that lecture tomorrow afternoon worth hearing," he said.

She pushed back her hair and met his gaze with eyes more somber than any girl's eyes should be. "Why is pneumonia fatal?" It was the title of the address, and yet he was certain she wanted him to answer.

"It isn't, any more than anything else—if you take it in time," he said thoughtfully.

"I know." She shivered a little. He walked over and closed the window. When he came back, she was again bent over the table.

Though he waited for a moment, she did not raise her head. When he saw that she was not going to speak again, he went on into the research library, a room connected with the laboratory by a door with a glass pane in it. But, with his hand on the filing cabinet, some impulse made him turn and look back toward the room and the girl he had just left. She had turned on the light that hung above her head. The small white face, with its enormous dark eyes, the mass of bright hair, was vivid against the gray background of the laboratory. She was staring straight ahead; but as he watched she bent again to her work.

He found himself thinking about her in the evening—not thinking so much as just remembering. She had seemed absorbed in her work; but something—he wasn't

exactly sure what—made him feel she was doing a thing she despised.

She was at the lecture. He saw her sitting rather more than halfway down, toward the front. She was wearing a soft green hat that looked as if it had been pulled down over her hair carelessly. Her face was whiter than he remembered, and more still.

The hall was filled. He stood for a moment looking down on the crowd. The student nurses had come in a body, for the lecture was required. He was aware of the flutter that passed through their group when he entered, but as a young unmarried—and therefore eligible—member of the medical staff he was used to the worshipful attention of nurses, and not particularly flattered by it.

He caught a whisper as he passed: "Isn't he the lamb!"

"Not yours to slaughter, my darlings," he thought dryly, but he sent them a smile in passing.

The smile was an achievement; it fell on one and all alike. And if it savored of "his lordship passes," he hoped he would be forgiven. Defense of some sort a man must have.

He took a seat where he could see the green hat and the small haunted face under it, for he was curious to discover what special interest the subject of pneumonia held for her. He had felt yesterday that something stronger than herself forced her to speak of it; and today again he was certain the lecture held a peculiar fascination for her.

She sat leaning forward as if she were afraid of losing a single word; but her face told him nothing.

She went out alone. He had a curious impulse to follow, and when a couple of the nurses stopped to speak to her, he went over. One of them introduced him.

"I saw you yesterday in the lab," he said.

"Yes." The monosyllable had a flat, finished sound.

"I suggested the lecture," he went on, trying to capture her attention.

Her eyes barely touched his face. "I remember—thank you."

She walked away. Standing with the two nurses, he felt a little foolish. But he was not offended, and he wanted more than ever to know something about her.

Pique or curiosity, whatever the motive, it sent him to the registrar's office to look up her schedule. He told himself that he wanted to check the courses she was taking; but he made a note of the hours of her classes as well.

She had taken her A. B. at Vassar. That added another question to his lengthening list. Why choose a Western school for medicine? It occurred to him she might have friends—people with whom she was alive and warm, not cold and detached as she was with him. But he found the conjecture improbable and for some reason faintly disagreeable.

Ellen Murray came in while he was studying the records and greeted him warmly. He had got her the position as secretary to the registrar. He thought she was looking uncommonly well. "Look here, Ellen," he said. "Do you know" (Continued on page thirty-four)

Been Waiting For



"I would like to know her," Lida said. "She sounds—" "Here she is." He sprang to his feet. Ellen stood in the doorway, staring.

"I wouldn't drive a car



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(Continued from page thirty) a Bardwell girl, first-year medical student?"

The queerest expression passed over Ellen's face. "Bardwell," she said half to herself, and then, her voice grown sure: "No."

Something made him persist. "Did you think you knew her?"

"I knew of some one by that name once," Ellen said. "But it couldn't be the same. She wouldn't be here studying. She—she married."

For a second it seemed to him Ellen's face between its dark wings of hair took on the same closed look he had noticed in Lida Bardwell's and he wondered if he were growing imaginative. He slipped the card back into the file and said, "How's Peter?"

Ellen's eyes were suddenly eager again. "Oh, Mac, he's so cute! He started nursery school this fall."

"Not really!"

He couldn't believe the boy was two years old, but he did not utter the usual stereotype, for he thought that probably it had been a long and sometimes dreary two years for Ellen.

At least she was finding contentment in her work. She deserved more. Ellen was a dear. He wished she would marry. Sometimes he had thought—

But no! A man should not have to reason about marriage. There should be something that transcended reason, a spark that leaped to flame. And it had never struck for them.

He did not mention Lida again, but at noon he managed to be passing the medical building when she came out of her eleven-o'clock. Students milled about, laughing and talking, lighting cigarettes. The small bright figure moved among but not of them. He thought she was like a painting in which the artist had caught all the color and vividness and had not been able to make his subject come alive. And suddenly it came to him that here was a challenge to Madden MacPherson the doctor. To bring back the gaiety and recklessness, the love of life that he felt to have been this girl's. A challenge to cure!

And after that he sought her with a clear conscience. He fell into the way of meeting her at noon. A dozen times he walked across campus with her. The wind blew colder and the last leaves dropped, and he wondered if he knew her any better than on that first day.

Usually she made no effort to talk. She was not rude; it was simply that she refused to pretend interest; or perhaps she was too tired to make the effort. Mentally tired, not physically. She walked beautifully, with her head up and an easy lilting step. It was as if her body went on enjoying the exercise without her consent.

"I'M not good company," she said one day when they had come the length of the campus in silence. It was less apology than statement.

"You rest me," he said simply.

"How?" He had grown accustomed to her monosyllables, but he thought he detected surprise in this one.

It was hard to answer without sounding vain. The nurses came, many of them, from small towns, communities where eligible men were scarce. Doctors were fair prey. There were tricks girls used to attract a man's interest.

He found Lida's impersonality soothing. "I don't know exactly," he said. "I'm a little fed up with the university."

"But you like your work."

"Parts of it. The children are fine."

"Oh, yes!" Her tone was almost eager.

He wondered if he dared ask her to go through the children's hospital with him. "I'm going to specialize in orthopedic surgery," he said. "It's grand to take a child who has always been helpless and make him walk—and the youngsters are such bricks. You should see them. Some of them have been on frames for a year. We cure them, too—usually."

"But not always," she prompted. He thought her face was more alive than he had ever seen it.

"No—not always. We got a case this morning, a little girl—we're going to have to amputate." His face hardened. "And we could have prevented it if the fool

mother had brought her in in time. But she was too busy with bridge and what not—"

Something made him stop; it was almost as if he could feel the girl beside him stiffen. He knew that he had blundered; but he did not know in what way, and he felt helpless. How could he cure a trouble he did not even understand?

Old Mrs. Teasdale, the hospital's wealthiest patroness, chose the next morning to consult her favorite doctor about new equipment for the children's playrooms. She came at eleven. If the children benefited, it was due to the tenacity of her purpose rather than to the quality of Madden MacPherson's interest on this particular occasion. Short as he was able to make the interview, he heard the noon chimes as he came out of the hospital.

Tearooms and near-by boardinghouses had gobbled up the hordes of hungry students; the campus was almost bare. He realized that he was tired and walked on dejectedly. And then he saw Lida sitting on the stone parapet that ran along the steps of the medical building. She had waited for him. He felt absurdly—and even to himself surprisedly—lighthearted again. Her hat lay in her lap. The late November sun was bright on her hair, but her face was white and weary. He thought of a candle—a small white candle with a painted flickering flame.

The dark eyes were turned toward him, and it seemed to him their somber depths held more loneliness than usual. Impulsively he asked her to have lunch with him.

She refused gently but with such a note of finality that he dared not urge her. And then, to his surprise, she said—and the words seemed to say themselves: "I usually lunch in my apartment. Would you like that?"

HER rooms were large and full of lovely things, but they wore an impersonal air—a way that rooms, like women, have of looking when nobody cares about their beauty. Medical books and classics filled the shelves; not a magazine lay anywhere. The piano was closed; a faint dusty film dulled its cover.

Only the desk looked used. It was littered with papers; a study lamp stood on it. He could see her working there evenings as he had seen her first in the laboratory, a small figure bent over stupid charts and diagrams, or pausing now and then, fingers straining through her hair as if to ease an ache they could not find, her face growing whiter. He saw her always alone—and suddenly he knew that he must help this girl not because he was a doctor but because he loved her.

Coming out of the tiny kitchen in a green-and-white smock, her cheeks faintly flushed, she gave him a new picture of herself. "I like to cook," she said; and he thought that it would be good for her to work for a time only with her hands.

She had fixed chops, a salad. They ate silently. He had never known a person who needed conversation so little. But she was not at ease. A certain tenseness betrayed her. Something told him that he was the first man, perhaps the first person, ever to come into this apartment of hers. And he knew that he must walk warily, lest he lose what he had gained. His eyes hid their tenderness and he was purposely a little brusque.

Over their coffee he took out his case and, though there were no ash trays about, handed her a cigarette and lighted it. She started to smoke absently but with a certain contentment. And then, almost at once—as if she had just realized what she was doing—she dropped the cigarette on the plate in front of her and burst into tears.

After a moment he went over and picked her up. In his arms she seemed smaller than ever and infinitely more dear. This was what he had wanted all along—to hold her close. His arms tightened convulsively, and then he laid her on the davenport and sat down beside her, one hand stroking the tumbled hair. She sobbed for a long time, in shaky jerky gasps as if she could never stop, and then more gently—all the tears that had been dammed up for so many months. At length she sat up; and he saw that the weeping had broken the stillness of her face, left it crumpled and stained—but, thank God, alive.

Her voice trembled. "I'm sorry. It was just that all at once, seeing you sitting there, I realized how lonely I've been."

"Don't you think you've punished yourself long enough?" he asked gravely.

"How did you know?" Her eyes were startled but not afraid.

"Doctors have to be good guessers," he suggested lightly.

"I'd like to tell you—I've been married. You didn't guess that, did you?"

He shook his head, unable to speak for a moment because of the sudden fury that possessed him. That a man should marry and leave her like this!

And then she said, "He died. Twenty-four hours after the wedding."

So that was it, he thought; and almost immediately his mind rejected the explanation. There was more here than grief. A girl ought to get over a thing like that.

He waited, and presently she said slowly, "It's especially hard because I killed him." He made a startled gesture of denial, but she went on: "He had felt miserable for several days. I wouldn't postpone the wedding. I laughed. I was horrid—you know, terribly sophisticated and superior." A slow painful flush crept over her face. "I told him it was nerves. After we got on the train he was worse; but of course then he pretended it was only a cold. 'In sickness and in health'—I had just promised that, but it didn't mean anything. And then he died."

It was almost as if she had died too. The pity of the thing swept over him, and he felt more hopeless and heartsick than he had ever felt in the face of physical suffering. And yet he could not be entirely sorry, since it had brought her to him. She had picked up what was left of life and come here to study medicine. It seemed to him there was something fine in that, something brave and loyal—but desperate too, and pitiful. Like a child that has been hurt and cannot understand why. He wanted more than ever to catch her up in his arms and comfort her, to kiss the small tear-stained face; but he knew that if he did he would lose her. He took her hands in his and held them close. At his touch she spoke again: "If it hadn't been for me, he would have gone to a doctor. There was no need for him to die! You said yourself pneumonia isn't fatal, if you take it in time."

He could not deny his own words. Would not, if he could. It was, he knew, wiser to humor her. So he said: "Perhaps there wasn't any need for him to die. That's one thing nobody, not even a doctor, could say for certain. But suppose I went to pieces every time I lost a patient. I wouldn't dare harry myself by thinking of all the things I might have tried. After all, there never is really need for anybody to die, except the very old. There's always something some one could have done, usually the patient himself. He might have lived more carefully, built up a better constitution—"

"Not Byron—that was his name, Byron Healy. He went in for track and football all through college."

SO that was the man! He remembered him, a big blond fellow, a regular Greek god—the kind of chap women always fall for. He wondered vaguely if he had deserved Lida's love, if he would have known how to take care of it.

But that, he thought, was something no one would ever know. The man had died, and dying he had kept something that living he might have lost.

Madden MacPherson felt a kind of resentment, more than jealousy and at the same time less; but he put it sternly away and said, "Athletes often have a kind of spurious strength that goes when they stop exercising and leaves them weaker than ordinary individuals; a great many die of pneumonia."

The dark eyes were mutinous, and he reminded himself that arguing was the worst possible line to take. For the first time in his life, he wished that he had

specialized in psychiatry, so that he would know the right course to take. He said, "It's true a doctor might have saved him. But he didn't call one, and you didn't. You've got to face that, my dear."

"I have faced it. I do—all the time. Do you suppose I can ever get away from it?"

"Stop trying," he told her quietly. "That isn't facing it. You can't face a thing and run away at the same time. You say it was your fault that he didn't call a doctor. Let's grant that. You were ignorant; you didn't recognize the symptoms. And he died. So you came here to study medicine. That's true, isn't it?"

She nodded without looking at him, and he said quickly,

"But you didn't really want to learn about human ailments. It was just a sort of penance, wasn't it?"

Her eyes blazed. "Well, what of it? I hate it, if you want to know!"

Angry she was beautiful. He pushed his advantage. "Some day you'll find a use for your knowledge, and then you'll be glad. Just now you're thinking about your own suffering."

"I'm selfish, you mean?"

"Well, aren't you—a little bit?"



ALINE BALLARD
worked as a free-lance newspaper contributor for two years before she began to write any fiction. Then, in 1931, she determined to be a writer of fiction or nothing, and in 1932 a story of hers appeared in *Liberty*. Writing, to her, is both a business and a pastime. Although she travels a lot, she always claims Dearborn, Michigan, as her home.

HE hoped he didn't sound too much of a prig. He must first cut before he could cure. But at that moment Madden MacPherson the man, loving her, hated Madden MacPherson the surgeon.

She took it like a thoroughbred. He could see her thinking it out, small red mouth set, dark eyes deeper than ever; and he was exultant and at the same time wary, for none knew better than he the dangers of convalescence. If there were only some definite obsession to get out of her mind—if, for example, the man she loved had been killed driving, and she was afraid to get into a car. But this thing was so intangible.

"What is there for me if I stop studying?" she asked desperately.

He wanted to say, "Marry me." He wanted the right to take care of her always. She was his to cure. But when a doctor cured, he lost his patient. He was her friend now; but would he mean anything to a Lida alive and free? He saw that there were two problems.

But for the doctor, and the man too, there was only one course. When the doctor had done his work, it would be time enough for the man to step in. And so he said, "Don't give up your work. Pick out the parts of it you can enjoy. There are places here that need you."

It was then he thought of the children; not the crippled ones who were his charge—she lacked training to care for them—but the ones in the nursery, the school where Ellen had put little Peter.

Early in the week he took her there. Helpers were at a premium, and the staff was quick to welcome Lida, with her medical training and her pretty quiet ways; but it was little Peter really who persuaded her to stay.

He was an adorable baby, all pink and white and gold, but square-shouldered and big for his age. Until Lida came he had refused to let any one help him. "Peter can do," he would say, planting his feet and looking up at the teachers with a tiny belligerent wrinkle between his eyes. But from that instant when, as Lida stooped to him, he clutched her bright hair in his two eager fists, his masculine individuality was lost. It was love at first sight for both of them.

Seeing them together, Madden MacPherson had an inspiration. He must tell Lida about Ellen and arrange for them to meet. Ellen, who had suffered and found peace, might succeed where he was failing.

But he did not find an opportunity until one afternoon when he called at the school for Lida. He found her sitting on the big bearskin rug with Peter in her lap. The children had spent the afternoon dismantling the Christmas tree; boxes of ornaments were piled neatly on the small blue-and-yellow tables. The others had gone home early, and Lida was indulging her favorite baby in an extra bit of petting. He sat down on the rug beside them.

His fingers touched the child's fair drowsy head, but he looked at the girl holding him. The dark eyes were still brooding, haunted, the face still white. He was beginning to think the children had not helped her at all—that nothing would. He felt suddenly helpless. And yet, he knew she was not to blame; that here was something past the power of the conscious mind to control.

"You haven't met this little chap's mother, have you?" he said.

"No. They say she calls herself Miss Murray. That's honest, isn't it—and brave?"

"You'll like her," he said. "She is brave. She came to my office one day—that was the first time I ever saw her—and said, 'Dr. MacPherson, I'm going to have a baby. I'm a good secretary. Can you help me find a position so I can take care of him?' She worked almost until the baby came, and three weeks after she was back on the job. Not a whimper the whole time."

"But—Peter's father! What became of him?"

"Walked out, I suppose. It was a trial marriage. Ellen didn't tell him there was to be a baby. She was too proud to hold him that way."

"I'd like to know her," Lida said. "She sounds—"

"Here she is." He sprang to his feet, drew Lida up.

"Ellen, I want you to meet Lida Bardwell—"

He stopped; for Ellen, instead of coming forward in the warm friendly way he expected, stood in the doorway, staring at the girl waiting there in the firelight, the baby still clinging to her skirts. And Ellen's tall, slender body was taut, her black eyes smoldering. Suddenly she swept across the room and snatched Peter away. "You shan't have him. He's mine!"

The doctor had never seen her so angry, and he couldn't understand. Why should she think Lida wanted Peter?

Lida didn't understand either, for she looked at him in a puzzled sort of way. "I didn't know he belonged to you," she said to Ellen. He saw that she thought Ellen had meant him, and he wondered if she cared, and took a step toward her.

But Ellen rushed on, unheeding: "You took Byron! Isn't that enough?"

He knew then. Byron Healy! The man who had married Lida—the man who had left Ellen.

"This," he thought desperately, "will just about finish Lida." And he had brought her here!

She had put one hand out—there was something pitiful about the small gesture, something bewildered. He saw that she still did not understand, and turned on Ellen savagely. "Be still! Lida works here; she helps with the children."

But Lida had caught that one word. "Byron's dead," she said dully.

Ellen's face was as white as hers. "Byron dead?" she repeated. "How strange I didn't know!" She drew Peter suddenly closer; her eyes seemed to be staring at something the other two could not see.

For the space of a moment no one spoke, and in that moment Lida awakened. The man who loved her saw understanding dawn.

"What was Byron to you?" she demanded, and answered the question for herself. Her fingers touched the baby's cheek, her voice softened. "He was the man. He was Peter's father, wasn't he?" And presently, "Of course! Peter looks like him."

She walked over to the table and stood looking down at the boxes of ornaments on it, her shoulders slumped a little. To Madden MacPherson, watching her fearfully, she seemed only half awake. Her fingers played with the fragile balls idly, and after a moment she held up one, but the light that came through the window was gray and the tinsel scarcely shone. "Cheap little thing," she said; "but it was pretty on the tree." Her hand closed; pieces fell with a small tinkle.

At the sound she seemed to awaken. "I'm terribly sorry," she said to Ellen. "If I'd known, I wouldn't have blurted it out like that—that he was dead."

Ellen laughed. "You sorry! That's funny."

"No," Lida said. "You see, Byron's yours. He was yours all the time. He never belonged to me at all."

SHE told the story again; but it was as if now she were talking about some one she had known only slightly. In the telling she gave Byron to Ellen.

Ellen felt that, too. At the end she held out her hand. "Thanks," she said simply.

They watched her go. Peter walked sturdily beside her.

"She has him—too," Lida said half to herself.

"I never dreamed— Can you forgive me, Lida?"

Her face quivered suddenly. "'To keep'— Don't you see? It sets me free! You won't have to worry about me, Dr. Mac."

He caught her hands. "I want to worry—about you."

Her lashes made a shadowy blur against cheeks no longer white. Presently she said thoughtfully, "You know, Mac, all the time I was talking to her I could see she was glad Byron didn't live. And I know why. This way she can keep him always. And I was glad too. Another woman's man!"

The face she turned to him was vivid, lovelier than ever before. This was the girl he had been waiting for. His girl to woo—and win.

"If it hadn't been for you bringing me here!"

"Doctor in spite of myself—" He smiled at her, a breathless sort of smile, proud and daring and hopeful. And very humble. "Then you won't discharge me?"

"That depends on what you prescribe," she said soberly, but a dimple flickered.

He drew out a prescription pad, wrote on it gravely, and handed it to her. He had written:

Dinner. To be taken at once. Under doctor's supervision. Followed by theater. Repeat at short intervals.

She read it, face eager, lips curved in a half-smile. "Oh—it will be fun!" Her eyes flashed to the mirror above the fireplace. "But you'll have to wait till I go home and dress. I—I want to look nice!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS — by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE** by H. L. Mencken. Fourth edition. Alfred A. Knopf.

Here is not only the most authoritative and scholarly work on the language spoken by citizens of the United States as distinguished from what is called the English language, but it is also as interesting as a dime novel and as amusing as a comedy in the Restoration manner. The index of American words itself is fascinating to read. The book is sound and strong, but because it is written by Mencken, it is also good reading every word of the way.

★ ★ ★ ★ **SOUTHERN ALBUM** by Sara Haardt. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Seventeen stories of the South, widely varied in plot and treatment, but all showing the conflict of a new generation with decaying and lingering tradition. Sara Haardt had achieved a high rank among Southern novelists before her death in 1935. This volume is edited and contains a biographical preface by H. L. Mencken, the author's husband.

★ ★ ★ **NEW FACES—NEW FUTURES** by Maxwell Maltz. Richard R. Smith.

A fascinating book of the wonders that are performed by plastic surgery.

★ ★ ½ **THEY BLOCKED THE SUEZ CANAL** by A. D. Divine. Green Circle Books.

Adventure, espionage, and danger with a 1936 flavor. Those who wish to block the Suez Canal should not fail to read this.

★ ★ ½ **BLOOD AND INK** by W. W. Chaplin. The Telegraph Press.

A diary by an American war correspondent in Ethiopia. Somewhat pro-Italian and not very exciting.

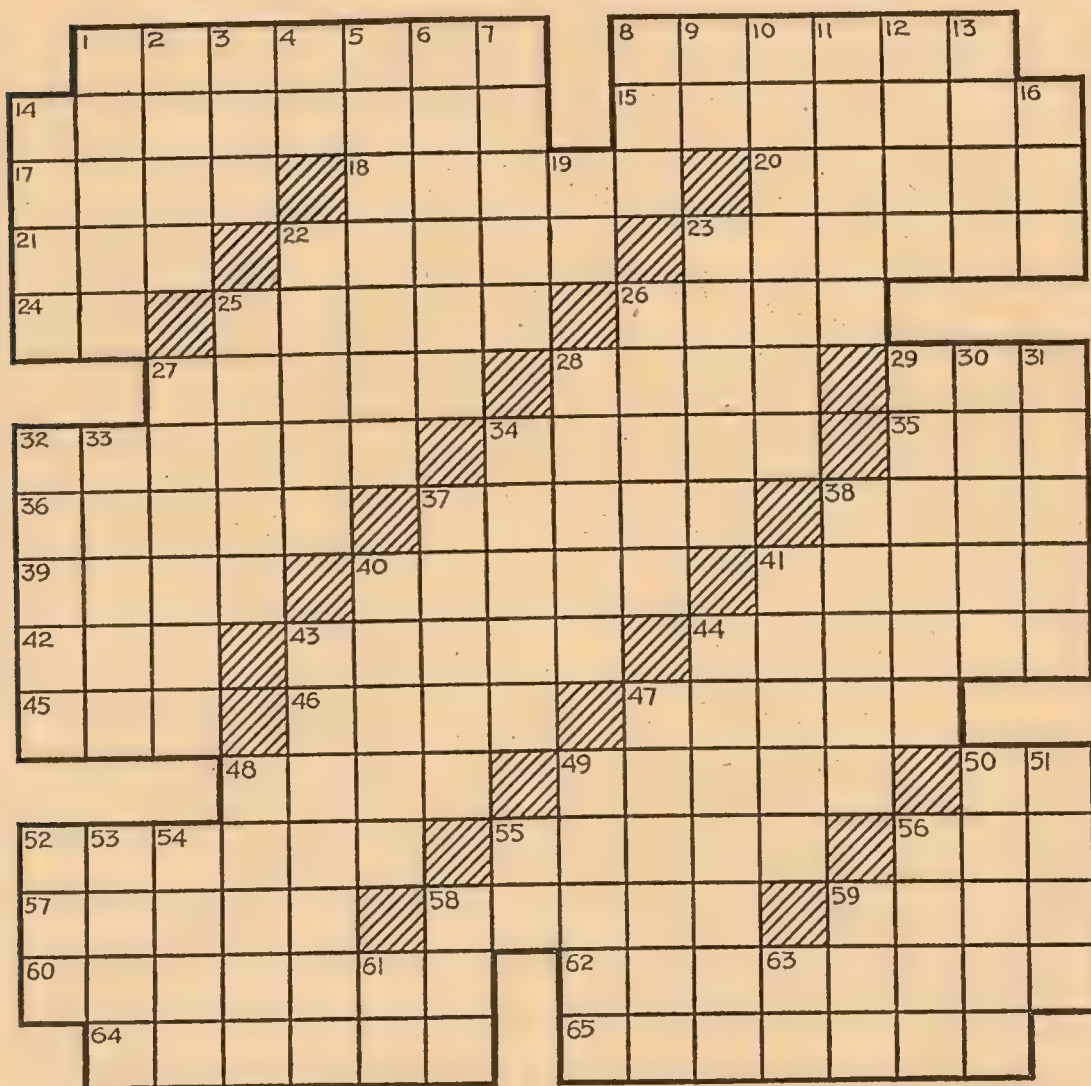
\$2,000

CROSSWORD CONTEST

**ENDS THIS WEEK
SEND YOUR ENTRY
IN ON TIME!**

PUZZLE No. 10 this week brings the \$2,000 cash prize Crossword Contest to a close. When you have solved this puzzle your set will be complete. In order to make your entry official be sure that you include with your ten solved puzzles the brief statement required by Rule 4. Puzzles not accompanied by this statement will be automatically eliminated from the judging.

Please avoid unnecessary expense in preparing your material for the consideration of the judges. Do not go to the expense entailed in elaboration and ornamentation. Simplicity is best! Winners will be announced in the first available issue. Checks will be mailed to the winners without delay. Make sure that your entry complies with each of the simple conditions of the contest and that it is mailed in time to be received before the contest closes.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 10

HORIZONTAL

- 1 An Asiatic lynx
- 8 A long-legged bird (plural)
- 14 To salt or pickle
- 15 Feminine personal name
- 17 Open space about the base of a building
- 18 A Hawaiian fish
- 20 Any occupation
- 21 A possessive pronoun
- 22 Crated
- 23 Of greater perpendicular dimension
- 24 The symbol for an element
- 25 A city in France
- 26 Carries on hostilities
- 27 Paroxysmal pain in the abdomen
- 28 One of the pieces used in chess
- 29 Wipe up
- 32 A Maori war club
- 34 Region of the body (plural)
- 35 Arabian garment
- 36 Moldings
- 37 Goes forth suddenly
- 38 Scheme
- 39 Rivers (Spanish)
- 40 A measure of capacity (plural)
- 41 Amiss
- 42 Entire
- 43 Dresses
- 44 Persons
- 45 American general
- 46 Beverage (plural)

- 47 Lay hold of suddenly
- 48 Roman highway
- 49 Woolen fabric
- 50 An element (symbol)
- 52 Shifts
- 55 An East Indian measure
- 56 Large flatboat
- 57 Velvetlike fabric
- 58 A cap
- 59 Kind of cheese
- 60 Combining form: artery
- 62 A flower (plural)
- 64 Human trunks
- 65 Danish openwork embroidery (plural)

VERTICAL

- 1 A position in thrusting or parrying (fencing)
- 2 Son of Zeus
- 3 Long narrow inlet
- 4 Indefinite article
- 5 A unit of heat
- 6 Irregular (medical)
- 7 Unaspirated consonants
- 8 A wild sheep of India
- 9 Toward
- 10 Confines to one locality
- 11 Space between the eye and bill in birds (plural)
- 12 Snare
- 13 A region of the body
- 14 Principal
- 16 Combining form meaning air
- 19 A small fish
- 22 Large bundles
- 23 Begins to be perceived
- 25 Looks with close attention
- 26 Serenaders
- 27 A French patois spoken in Louisiana
- 28 Havens
- 29 Village in Franklin County, New York
- 30 Former Japanese coin
- 31 Twinges
- 32 A maxim
- 33 Nimble
- 34 Disembarks
- 37 Eater
- 38 Value highly
- 40 Heaps
- 41 Examine or test; to ponder
- 43 Beats with successive blows
- 44 Chided vehemently
- 47 Unruffled
- 48 Interior
- 49 Feminine name
- 50 Essays
- 51 Pieces out
- 52 A mineral spring
- 53 Deer
- 54 A preposition
- 55 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 56 River in Italy
- 58 Genus of ruminants
- 59 Man's nickname
- 61 One of the satellites of Jupiter
- 63 A pronoun

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$500
SECOND PRIZE.....	200
THIRD PRIZE.....	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each \$10	200
200 PRIZES, Each \$5.....	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.
3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.
4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the \$500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.
7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

A CORRECTION

In Puzzle No. 7, May 9 issue, the definition for horizontal 71 should have been: A Gaelic god of the sea.

Secrets of New York's

The Strange Case of the Stolen Button and the Mad Bomber's Head—A True Crime Story Complete in This Issue

by A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PLENTY of people would have liked to take a pot shot at old Russell Sage. Russell was rich—which is seldom a passkey to popular acclaim, and Russell was phenomenally stingy—which makes even a moderately poor man something less than the life of the party, and Russell was not what you'd call genial.

In fact, to many people in the '90s, Russell Sage, banker, broker, public utilities magnate, and real-estate king, was Panic, Depression, and War in person.

But who would care enough about killing the old fox to kill himself too?

Must be a nut.

That was the reasoning of Chief Inspector Thomas F. Byrnes and his newly formed Homicide Squad; and as police reasoning went in those days, it wasn't bad. The man who dropped the bomb at Russell Sage's feet *was* a nut. But not the kind of nut Tommy Byrnes thought he was. And the search for the wrong kind led us into many queer places and into contact with many queer people.

Our trouble was that we didn't know about the pants button.

What we did know, having learned of it abruptly as we loafed about the locker room of the old Mulberry Street Central Office, that drab December noontime in 1891, was that a scared-to-death citizen had telephoned from a drugstore at the corner of Rector Street and Broadway that the Arcade Building, at No. 71, had been blown up and two hundred people had been killed.

I was a patrolman then, and a very young one, too. In fact, I had just passed my examinations and was reporting for my first assignment. Naturally I hadn't expected such an important one. Pavement pounding in the Bronx was the best I had hoped for. But Tom Byrnes could not be choosy what he took with him at that moment. So he took me—along with some really good boys, like Captain Billy McLoughlin of the Old Slip station and a gang of the best Central Office detectives.

When we got to what was left of the Arcade Building, O. B. Potter's famous old five-story brick structure at Broadway and Rector, facing Trinity churchyard, we found Inspector Henry Steers in charge of the police detail, which included Detective Sergeants Michael Crowley and George W. McCluskey—the latter one of the best known men in the Department—and Patrolman Adolph Hummell, who had been the first officer on the scene.



IN THE CORRIDOR WHERE THE REMAINS OF THE BOMB-THROWER WERE FOUND.

Police searching the debris at Russell Sage's office door — as a newspaper artist saw them.

From these men and from the evidence of our eyes we gathered some idea of what had happened.

The clock in Trinity spire, at the head of Wall Street, had just ticked off the noon hour, and the shrill whistles, which in those days invariably accompanied the cessation of labor, had sent hordes of white-collared workers out of office buildings into the crowded street. Young men there were with droopy wavy mustaches and high silk hats, and business girls—"new women" they were called—in long, trailing skirts and mutton-leg sleeves, who picked their way skittishly between the rumbling carts and rattling victorias which constituted the Broadway traffic of that simple time.

Suddenly the asphalt pavement under their feet trem-

bled, the walls of the five- and six-story buildings rocked, the gravestones in Trinity churchyard danced about, an earsplitting report like a thunderburst smote the air, the long façade of the Arcade Building burst into bits of broken bricks, crashing glass, and crumbling plaster—and the rigid horizontal figure of a man shot through a second-story window like a projectile from a gun, and crashed amid dust and debris in the middle of narrow Rector Street.

This human projectile wasn't Russell Sage—but it was his secretary, Benjamin F. Norton. The window was that of the second-story office of the most hated financier of his time. And within that office, in the twenty-two minutes which had elapsed between the blowing of the whistles and the detonation of the explosion, there had been enacted a drama more unbelievable than any sequence since depicted by that then undiscovered wonder, the motion-picture camera.

The twelve-o'clock whistle had meant nothing in the brokerage office of Russell Sage. Colonel Joseph J. Slocum, Sage's brother-in-law and cashier, went on dictating to stenographer F. J. Menzie. Charles W. Osborne, bookkeeper, stuck to his high stool and open ledgers. Norton was busy with papers to be signed by Sage on his return from the directors' meeting which he had been attending at the Importers' and

Traders' Bank, 247 Broadway.

All of these gentlemen in waiting on the money king were seated behind a partition of painted wood and glass which ran, at a height of perhaps eight feet, between the plainly furnished main office and the narrow badly lighted waiting room. On a bench in this latter room



THE TROUSERS BUTTON.

The entire mystery of the Sage bombing hung on this fateful button.

Homicide Squad

sat two youngish men, one with a high hat and red beard and a small black bag across his knees, and the other with a certified check for \$9,000 in his hand.

Presently there entered a third man, who hurried up to one of the three semicircular openings in the glass of the partition and asked for Mr. Sage.

As he spoke—it was now 12.07—Sage, lean, stooped, and scraggy, came into the waiting room from the hall and greeted the newcomer almost cordially. Norton, who knew the visitor well as Charles E. James, a broker at 7 Nassau Street, stood aside while the seventy-five-year-old multimillionaire led his visitor through the door in the partition and thence into his private office.

Norton then gathered up his papers and strolled over to one of the Rector Street windows to wait until Mr. Sage was free, and presumably to amuse himself watching the little old man whose job it was to rake the leaves from the graves in the churchyard, fight his losing battle against the swirling December winds.

There was no snow on the ground, but the atmosphere was laden with wind and storm. In fact, the Tribune next morning reported the wind "whisked down the poles on First Avenue" and "bowled them over like tenpins," killing several horses and injuring pedestrians.

As Norton passed him, Colonel Slocum finished his dictating to Menzie, picked up a sheaf of C. B. & Q. stock certificates,



Crafty Russell Sage, who shook hands — and jumped for a door.

approached one of the semicircular peepholes, and smiled pleasantly in the general direction of the young men on the bench. The youth with the check, who was Frank Robertson, a clerk in the employ of William Wallace Imbrie, another well known broker of the period, rose promptly.

As he did so, the man with the red beard also got to his feet, and thus attracted the attention of the stenographer, Menzie, who came to one of the other openings, the one nearest Mr. Sage's room, and asked if there was anything he could do for him.

"I would like to see Mr. Sage."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No. Just say that a gentleman with a letter from Mr. Rockefeller wishes to see him."



Left: Chief Inspector Byrnes, the loser at Button, Button!



HENRY J. NORCROSS.
Shown with the beard that he grew after 1880.



THE SAME PICTURE WITH A BEARD ADDED.



FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF HEAD AT MURDER.

The bomber's head (right), an old picture of Norcross (left), and the same picture of him with a beard added.

At the mention of the name Rockefeller, which was already something to conjure with, Menzie gave the visitor a more careful scrutiny.

He was a tall square man, nearly six feet and not weighing more than a hundred and fifty pounds, with a light brownish-red mustache and beard, between which gleamed a row of strong white teeth. He wore a long black overcoat buttoned tightly about his lean body, and a high silk hat, which accentuated the length of his face and the straightness of his rather prominent nose. The small black satchel of which he seemed so careful was the sort of bag that might have held securities or money. Menzie figured him twenty-eight or -nine, and quite the sort of young man Mr. Rockefeller might have sent to see Mr. Sage.

"I'll tell him," said Menzie, with a bow.

The name Rockefeller must have meant a good deal to



VIEW OF THE ARCADE BUILDING FROM CORNER OF RECTOR STREET AND BROADWAY.
Left: To Windows of Mr. Sage's office.

The Arcade Building. Sage's office windows are numbered. In 1891, news pictures were crude 'line cuts' like this.

I USE PLUTO TO CLEANSE MY SYSTEM

says
**Dr. J.A.R.
of Texas**



DO AS DOCTORS DO

*Follow this
treatment for
Constipation
—gives relief in 1 hour*

CERTAINLY you can have no sounder advice than this. When you need a laxative **DO AS DOCTORS DO**—and take no chances. For doctors, of all people, should know what to take.

Over 50,000 doctors use or recommend **Pluto Water for Constipation**. Dr. V. N. of Michigan states: "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years." Dr. H. A. O. of Ohio writes: "I not only prescribe Pluto Water almost daily, but use it personally every other day and find it very beneficial."

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Pluto gives a complete bowel flush in 1 hour. That is why you so quickly feel like a new person. Your head clears—your energy returns—your appetite improves.

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Pluto Water is bottled at the famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. It is a non-habit-forming saline mineral water. Sure! Quick! Gentle! Safe! Two hundred million bottles have already been used, largely on doctors' advice. Get Pluto from your druggist—either in the 25c size or the large 50c size which contains three times the quantity. In 1 hour or less, your constipation will be relieved, and you'll feel worlds better.



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ST. MORITZ

On-the-Park
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK

Russell Sage too, for he immediately excused himself from Mr. James, stepped out into the general office, and opened the door into the narrow waiting room.

"You wished to see me? You have a letter from Mr. Rockefeller?"

The bearded stranger came a step nearer and offered Sage a card which read, "H. D. Wilson." He still held the little black bag firmly in his left hand. With his right he drew from an inside pocket a long envelope, which he also handed to the money king.

Smiling one of his rare smiles—reserved for the John D. Rockefellers and the Jay Goulds and the Cornelius Vanderbilts and their friends—Sage tore open the envelope and unfolded its typewritten enclosure.

This was no letter from Mr. Rockefeller. It was a long, rambling diatribe, the gist of which was that if the bearer didn't get \$1,200,000 in cash, he would blow up the building and everybody in it.

Russell Sage's trigger mind went back at once to a series of threatening notes, similar in character to the one in front of him, which he and several of his millionaire friends—Vanderbilt, Gould, Chauncey Depew, J. Edward Simmons of the Fourth National Bank, Henry W. Cannon of the Chase National, and Rockefeller himself—had received during the past few weeks demanding similar sums and making similar threats.

Apparently a dangerous band of lunatics was at large. But Sage was no novice at dealings with cranks. He firmly believed that a smart sane man was more than a match for a smart crazy man. But when he looked up from his reading and encountered the visitor's hard gray stare, he gave up the idea of diverting this particular crazy man by any of the usual devices from his obviously determined purpose.

STANDING in the open doorway, the old man's eyes covertly swept the two rooms in search of help. Robertson, the only other person in the waiting room, was busy with Slocum. Norton was standing at the Rector Street window with his back to Sage. Osborne, in the far corner, was busy with his accounts. Menzie had gone back to his notes. The bearded stranger, holding his black bag firmly in his left hand, was drawing perceptibly nearer.

Forcing another smile, Sage folded the letter and handed it back to the threatening "Wilson."

"You'll have to excuse me for a few moments," he said, as casually as possible. "It'll take a little time to get together that much money."

"I must have it *now*, and in cash," muttered the stranger, raising the mysterious black satchel, and holding Sage's cold gray eyes in the spell of his colder grayer ones.

At this point Russell Sage, always a lucky gambler, got a much needed break.

The outer door opened and in

walked W. R. Laidlaw, Jr., a broker's clerk from the office of John Bloodgood & Co. Although Mr. Sage's acquaintance with the clerks who were continually running in and out of his office was of the most cursory sort and his usual manner to them far from cordial, he greeted Laidlaw with beaming face and outstretched hand—and, under cover of the handshake, made a jump for the door of his private office.

Whether or not the old fox intentionally used Laidlaw as a shield is a question that the courts never settled. But the man with the red beard, his white face contorted in homicidal frenzy, leaped forward, holding the satchel above his head.

"Murder! Murder!"

Every one was shouting at once.

Robertson, who lost an eye and suffered scalp wounds from which he was thought to be dying, said sheets of flame shot out in every direction as the bag hit the floor. Others said the invader whipped a revolver from his pocket and fired a shot into the bag, thus causing the bomb to explode. Still others said he drew the bomb itself from his pocket and threw it to the floor.

WHATEVER he did, the result was painfully evident when our boys fought their way through the panicky crowds to what had been Russell Sage's offices. Partitions had collapsed, doors had splintered, safes had toppled, ceilings had fallen. Floors were littered not only with wood and plaster and glass but with the torn clothes and prostrate forms of unconscious human beings.

Osborne, the bookkeeper, a man fifty-two years old, lay in one corner; his skull was fractured and blood flowed from lacerations about the neck and face. Slocum, the cashier, had dropped where the partition had once stood, his scalp wounds bleeding copiously.

Norton had already disappeared.

Laidlaw, although badly cut and bruised about the back and suffering terribly from shock, had been able to stagger out under his own motive power.

Inside the private office, the caller, James, had been thrown to the floor with a great cut in the side of his face.

But Sage himself, the old war horse for whose destruction this murderous havoc had been planned, had escaped with a few burns and cuts and some rather badly singed hair.

He lived to be ninety!

The explosion had caused a sensation throughout the lower part of the city. It had been heard two miles and a half up the island. Huge crowds thronged Broadway and nearby Wall Street, overflowed through the tall iron gates into Trinity churchyard, and fought for ringside seats on the faded tombstones.

Charging fire horses split the crowds, as company after company arrived in response to repeated

alarms. Ambulance bells clanged. Black Marias rolled up from near-by police stations. Firemen, doctors, policemen dashed into the building.

Fortunately the lower floor was unoccupied; but the halls were jammed with fighting, shrieking, writhing men and women, blinded by flying fragments.

Girls and women sank fainting to the floor and lay where they fell as the surging crowds trampled them. Women who did reach the street, and a good many men, emerged from the clothes-tearing struggle naked or nearly so. In their blind terror, still clawing and kicking their way through the throngs, they seemed quite unaware of their condition or their surroundings.

Into this seething mass of unreasoning humanity plunged Patrolman Hummell. Demanding right of way in the name of the law, and taking it by virtue of a stalwart right shoulder, he gained the stairway leading to the upper floor. There he met Menzie coming down. Menzie's wounds, although painful, were not serious.

Sage, who had started with the stenographer from the scene of destruction, had fallen at the head of the stairs. He was more scared than hurt. The two men lifted him and, with the assistance of a lawyer named Gardiner, helped him down and across the street to the drugstore from which the first police call had come.

McCluskey and Crowley, the detective sergeants, were next to gain the second floor; and as they did so, they saw a tall lean man, bleeding about the head, running through the wrecked offices of Russell Sage. Elated, they seized him and dragged him, much against his will, to the drugstore where Sage and Menzie were receiving first aid.

"WE just found this man going through your office, Mr. Sage."

"Take him to the Tombs!" shouted the old man; then he glanced up, and through his bandages managed something very like a grin.

The suspect was his brother-in-law, Colonel Slocum!

"Let me alone!" the enraged colonel was shouting. "I've no time to be arrested! There's a million and a half dollars in negotiable bonds up in that office, and I've got to get them."

Sage now had himself well in hand. He had summoned his physician, Dr. J. P. Munn, who was now with him; and he had got word to his friend Jay Gould to go up to his home at 506 Fifth Avenue and tell his wife that he was not badly hurt and would soon be with her.

There is no record of anybody notifying young Mrs. Norton in her modest Far Rockaway home!

Meanwhile us fellows from Mulberry Street under Chief Byrnes had arrived on the run, and were fighting our way, along with several squads of firemen armed with shovels, picks,

and axes, through the corridors and stairways, now emptied of people but clogged with fallen beams and great piles of laths and plaster.

As soon as we had extricated the unconscious forms of Osborne, Robertson, and James from the debris, and the ambulance boys with their stretchers had carted them off to the drugstore, Byrnes, Steers, and McLoughlin got down to the important police business of analyzing the crime.

Every clock in the building had stopped at 12.22. That fixed the time. Sage's somewhat incoherent story of the document the man had given him explained the motive. An odor, identified as dynamite by Dr. Cyrus Edson of the Health Department and by Mr. C. S. Bushnell of 43 Broadway, whose experience in shooting oil wells qualified him as an expert, indicated the nature of the explosive (although there were some who maintained that it was nitroglycerin). And a jagged hole in the flooring, about two and a half feet in diameter, showed the exact spot where the bomb had been dropped.

BUT nowhere could the detectives' practiced eye discover any trace of the bomber.

Neither were the descriptions of eyewitnesses especially helpful in building an accurate picture of the wanted man. One described him as "middle-aged, wild-mannered, with long side whiskers, straggling and dirty-brown." Another said he carried a "brown valise." Not one seemed to retain a lasting dependable impression of the stranger.

Byrnes—one of those strong silent men about whom we were to hear so much in stories and pictures of crime—took from his pocket the inevitable long, black cigar, which, although never lighted, was almost as much a part of his facial contour as his nose, and started on a personal inspection of the rooms.

Directly over the jagged hole he located on the remnants of the ceiling a few splatterings of blood. There were others on fragments of the demolished wood-and-glass partition. Embedded in a wooden beam he found three or four bits of polished steel, probably mechanical parts of the exploded bomb. And, also embedded in a beam, he observed something that looked like a bit of tricolored ribbon—red, white, and blue.

These findings did not seem especially enlightening, but as the firemen began clearing away the piles of fallen plaster and smashed-up furniture, and separated the worthless debris from the packages of valuable securities which had tumbled out of one of the overturned safes, more interesting and more gruesome clues appeared.

Here was a battered silk hat; there a naked leg. In one pile was a piece of a nickel-plated revolver; in another a human hand rent from its arm. In a far corner was another leg covered with a long black stocking



Pilot Gets COAST TO COAST shave!

NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES



GIVE HER ALL SHE'S GOT, AL... WE'VE GOT TO SHAVE BEFORE THAT RECEPTION TONIGHT.

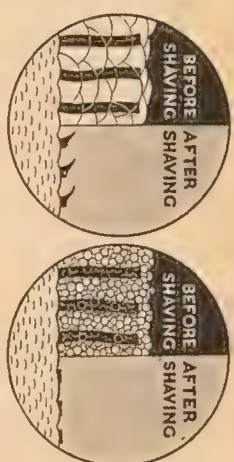
NOT ME!



SAV YOUR FACE IS SMOOTH... WHAT'S THE SECRET?

I USED COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM THIS MORNING—BOY! THOSE SMALL BUBBLES GIVE SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST! COM-FORTABLE, TOO!

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY



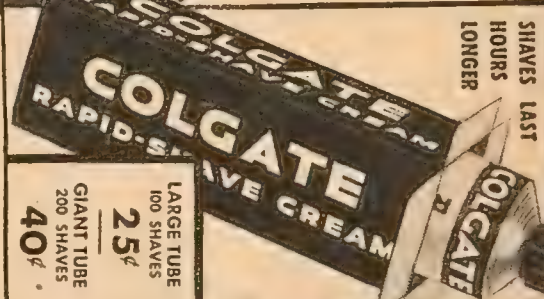
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NEW YORK—AFTER THE TRIP BACK



YOU'RE SURE RIGHT, AL... I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S IN LOS ANGELES THIS MORNING... MY SKIN FEELS SWELL AND IT'S STILL SMOOTH AS SILK!



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST LONGER

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢

GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

and a piece of trousering. Not far from the hole in the floor, underneath a mass of plaster and laths, was a heap of torn clothes, all messed up with body members and tattered fragments of bleeding flesh.

One of the oldsters poked me in the ribs. Jittery, I jumped three feet.

"You would be a policeman!" he grinned.

Byrnes, Steers, and McLoughlin were kneeling over these ghastly relics as if they were the newly excavated treasures of some damned Pompeii.

"Good God!"

The cry of horror came from Philip Harmon of Hook and Ladder No. 1. With his shovel he had uncovered a trunkless head, which came rolling toward us like a bloody fumbled football.

Another man in Tom Byrnes's place would have given expression to the horror that transfixed every man in that dismantled room. But not Byrnes! He merely slid his unlighted cigar from the left corner of his mouth to the right.

"There's our bomber," he said.

The explosion, which had torn the man's body literally limb from limb, had left intact his white face and red beard and red bristling hair.

FRIDAY, December 4, the date of the explosion, was an important news day in the life of the metropolis. Saturday morning's papers reported three train collisions which had occurred in rapid succession in New York and New England. A wealthy Manhattan widow was arrested on the charge of shoplifting in a department store. Members of the notorious Summit Gang of Orange County, New Jersey, confessed to the killing of a farmer's wife in a lonely spot near Middleton. One of the most sensational murder trials of the period resulted in the acquittal of the accused—a popular verdict.

Yet all of these circulation makers were crowded off the front page by headlined accounts of the spectacular attempt on Russell Sage's life.

The original estimate of two hundred dead boiled

down to two: Norton, who died shortly after his removal to the Chambers Street Hospital; and the bomber, "Wilson," who had obviously died promptly and on the spot. The list of injured, however, was a long one, including clerks shaken up in neighboring offices and men and women hurt while trying to escape. Several well known people, including ex-Governor A. B. Cornell and George J. Gould, eldest son of Jay Gould, had been in the building and had narrow escapes from injury.

All this made good reading. But who was the slayer?

In the first casualty lists he appeared, quite without reservation, as "Hiram D. Wilson, a graduate of two insane asylums and formerly keeper of the Bolton House, Lake George."

The day after the tragedy, Harmon, the fireman who had found the death's head, was quoted as follows:

"I'll bet it's the body of 'Prof.' Denton, the old crank who goes around saying Mr. Sage owes him a million dollars. Denton is always hanging around Seventy-one Broadway, and he used to make speeches against Mr. Sage and Mr. Gould at Coney Island last summer."

The Denton theory was very popular until a detective went out and rounded up the poor harmless "professor," wholly alive and wholly intact.

Meanwhile, by direction of Coroner Messemer, the assorted portions of the bomber's body and of his attire were taken to Duffy's Undertaking Parlor at 82 Greenwich Street, and assembled as far as possible. The remnants of his clothing were all of excellent quality. Underneath his overcoat, which was of black twill lined with a dark plaid silk, he had worn a clay-colored coat and waistcoat and striped trousers of a purplish hue; and underneath these garments, a white boiled shirt, white cotton suspenders, long black stockings, long woolen drawers, and two undershirts, one white and one terracotta.

But none of the rags from which these facts were deduced bore a maker's name, a trade-mark, or even a laundry mark which might assist in identification. Neither was there any name in the silk hat the bomber wore.

Nowadays, some of these fabrics themselves might be traced by chemical analysis and other laboratory tests to the makers and thence eventually to retail customers, and by an elaborate process of elimination the probable identity of the owner of these particular clothes might be established. In 1891 we were thrown back on the not too promising device of displaying the features of the criminal in some suitable place and waiting prayerfully in the hope that some one would identify him.

DUFFY'S window was first chosen as a suitable place, but the crowds stopped the traffic on Greenwich Street; whereupon, after the head had been taken up to Sage's Fifth Avenue mansion for identification, Coroner Messemer removed it and the other body parts to the morgue, where they were viewed day and night by unending lines of the morbidly curious.

"Step right out, gentlemen, as soon as you have seen it," shouted the guard at the door, "and give the others a chance!"

Identifications and near-identifications followed rapidly as a result of these exhibitions.

A man who said he was George Francis Train walked into 300 Mulberry Street one night and insisted that he had given the bomber the long stockings he was wearing. To prove it, he yanked up his trouser legs and showed stockings of the same color, weight, and length.

Another enthusiast rushed in to tell us that he was sure the head in the morgue was that of Charles J. Guiteau, who shot President Garfield. Even when we explained that Guiteau was already safely buried, he left reluctantly, convinced that all policemen were liars.

The most publicized of all the fragments found in the Sage offices was that tiny bit of red, white, and blue ribbon. This was because the members of an alleged secret organization called the Grand Army of Labor—so named, presumably, because it had no connection either with the real Grand Army or with labor!—were supposed to wear red-white-and-blue badges underneath their coats.

SEE THE SIGNED O.K. CERTIFICATE WITH YOUR FORTUNE SHOES



"I thought they'd cost 50% more"

These Coolators are the smartest, coolest shoes imaginable. 800 vents keep them so. And what a value! Okayed by experts for Style, Leathers, Fit, Finish—and money's worth. They'll give you all-round satisfaction!

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SHOES

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY

DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION
NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

The Grand Army of Labor was pledged to a campaign of "education," the object of which was to win over monopolists like Russell Sage, Jay Gould, and Rockefeller by lectures and other proselyting efforts to the cause of the "peepul." If this method was unsuccessful, bombs were to be tossed into the homes and offices of the unconverted.

In consequence, not only the general public but the chief objects of the mysterious Army's supposed attentions seemed to credit the idea that a band of bombing assassins was on the rampage, and that it was only a question of time when it would try out on some other member of the overrich the experiment which had not altogether worked in the case of Russell Sage.

Cornelius Vanderbilt stuck closely to his reputedly steel-lined private office; genial Chauncey Depew gave orders that no one should be admitted until he had passed the scrutiny of eagle-eyed Lieutenant H. C. Duval.

Jay Gould, Sage's closest friend and his partner in various undertakings which roused the public's ire, added a bodyguard to his business staff. So did Henry Clews. J. Edward Simmons bought himself a big revolver which he kept in a pigeon-hole of his desk. And the quota of strong-armed men who always watched over the offices and homes of J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller was quietly doubled.

In short, there was a rich man's panic in the financially prosperous year of 1891.

Capitalizing on this situation, one Captain Harry Horne, who had been a Wild West showman and was now a dime-museum lecturer, came forward with the story that he recognized the man in the morgue as a member of the dreaded Army, second in importance only to W. D. Southward, or Southworth, the reputed head. Horne's story was a far-fetched one any way you looked at it.

BUT the newspapers were riding Byrnes pretty hard; and I suppose Mayor Hugh J. Grant and the D. A., De Lancey Nicoll, weren't making it any too soft for him. Anyhow, since he had no other leads which were even remotely credible, the chief inspector allowed himself to be quoted as "impressed" by Horne's statements, in spite of the fact that Horne was well known, even among his associates, as a hot-air artist.

"Harry makes me tired," one of his museum confreres said. "It's dollars to doughnuts he'll be exhibiting himself in a ten-cent show as the Man Who Identified the Dynamiter."

To be on the safe side, Southward was brought in and committed to Bellevue Hospital for observation. He was subsequently pronounced sane. But before his discharge could become effective, the entire aspect of the Russell Sage bombing case had changed.

From the beginning, the World had taken the lead among metropoli-

tan papers in playing up the bombing and the various theories. This newspaper, bought by Joseph Pulitzer only eight years before, had just moved into its fine new Park Row building with the gilt dome, and was feeling its oats as the leading "yellow journal" in the country.

Be that as it may, on Thursday, December 10, six days after the crime was committed, Publisher Pulitzer called into his office one of his bright young men, Isaac DeForest White, and placed in his hands several fragments and relics assertedly stolen from the dismantled Sage offices by a World reporter who had arrived on the scene in advance of the police.

Most of this material was similar to that found by Byrnes, Steers, McLoughlin, and the rest of us—samples of suit and overcoat, stockings, undershirts, etc. The new factor in the collection which Joe Pulitzer handed Ike White was a small strip of the waistband of the bomber's purplish striped trousers, to which was attached a metal button which bore the blood-smeared but still decipherable legend:

"Brooks—Boston."

THIS Isaac DeForest White was quite a fellow—tall, well built, black hair, warm dark eyes, closely cropped mustache, twenty-seven years old, and an amateur athlete of no mean ability. He was a good reporter, and had acquired a deserved reputation as a newspaper sleuth. He had uncovered the activities of oyster pirates in Chesapeake Bay, investigated charges of cruelty at Elmira Reformatory, and rescued twenty-two men shanghaied to Yucatan by the notorious "Liverpool Jack."

In the job that was now assigned to Ike White, the whole case hung, so to speak, on a pants button. He took the afternoon train to Boston.

At nine in the morning of December 11, he presented himself at the door of Walter C. Brooks & Co., tailor extraordinary to Harvard undergraduates and the Boston elite. The manager, a Mr. Allen, received him with courtesy, and readily agreed that the firm's records would show the names of customers opposite the numbers of the patterns they had chosen for their suits.

White then produced his sample of the purplish striped trousers to which the Brooks button was attached. Allen recognized the material immediately; and, on consulting his records, found that only one pair of trousers had ever been cut from that particular bolt—and this quite recently—for a Mr. Henry L. Norcross, a note broker with an office at 12 Pearl Street, Boston.

W. W. Guilford, one of Allen's assistants, recalled making the sale. The number of the bolt was 4201, and it had been bought from Collins, Dowey & Co. of 478 Broadway, New York.

White then showed the tailors a fragment of the clay-colored coat,

YOUR INITIALS

FOR YOUR CAR



2 Sets of Initials in Gold and Red

6¢

One for each side of car

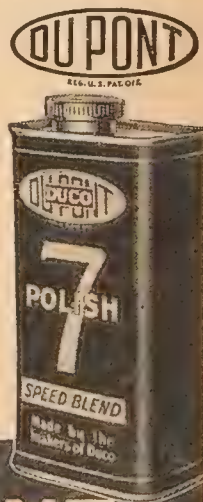
SURE, he's pointing with pride at those smart new initials he just got from Du Pont. You, too, can get them—your own initials, in stylish, durable letters which you can apply yourself easily and quickly. They look just like those the coach-makers put on the finest cars.

And, of course, you'll want to polish the car before you install your initials. It's such an easy job when you use Duco Polish. You just rub it on—and wipe it off! It soon cleans away dull Traffic Film, and makes the car sparkle like new. It's quick—it's safe—it works perfectly on all car finishes.

HOW TO GET YOUR INITIALS

Purchase a can of Duco Polish, Duco Cleaner or Duco-Wax, and send the tag (which you find on top of the can) with 6c in stamps, and your name and address, to DU PONT, Annex 7, Wilmington, Del. We will send you promptly two sets of your initials, one for each side of your car. This offer is made for a limited time, and is good in the U. S. only.

DEALERS: Write for tags for your stock. Give inventory.



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DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bone-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Ω . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Marvelous Results in Short Time:

I received my J. B. L. Cascade March 12th and started using it exactly according to your directions. The results are marvelous for so short a time and I am anticipating much for the future through using it.

Six days after using it I visited my doctor and the nurse who has given me, to be exact, 131 colonic irrigations during the past three and one-half years. They were very surprised and delighted at my condition and appearance. It was the first time they had seen me without being bloated. The nurse said my intestines were in better condition than she had seen them since my last surgery. My whole family are so happy about it.

I had my surgery and take my colonics in Wichita, which is 96 miles from Salina, so you can imagine what a relief it will be, with the help of the Cascade, to discontinue those trips. Then, too, the last three months my intestines were worse each trip and I did not seem to get relief from the colonics as I did at first. We realized that each ten days was not often enough but I felt I had neither the strength nor the money to go oftener. Now, with the Cascade, I can use it as often as I feel the need of it.

Several of my friends have asked me if I am not feeling better of late, stating that my color is better and I don't seem so tired out. I do feel better. It is such a wonderful relief to not be so bloated all the time.

I just wish it were possible for every one who has bowel trouble to have a Cascade.

Sincerely yours,

A. L.
(Name furnished upon request)
(March 21, 1935)
Salina, Kans.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

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Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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which was immediately recognized by Charles C. Hill, a cutter, as one he had made for young Mr. Norcross some time before.

"That is my work," he said, pointing to the stitches in what was apparently a shoulder seam.

"But why are you asking all these questions?" demanded Allen.

In reply White showed him a flashlight police photograph of the head in the morgue.

"That's the man who wore these clothes," said White calmly; and, thanking them for their assistance, he started for 12 Pearl Street.

He found the door of Norcross's office locked. Neighbors said the note broker hadn't been in for several days. The elevator boy, Reuben Nickerson, put the time at over a week.

A coincidence perhaps, but White decided to make sure. Three quarters of an hour later he was ringing the doorbell of a two-story suburban house on Sargent Street, off the Old Turnpike, just beyond Somerville Park.

"Is Henry in?" he asked the motherly little gray-haired woman who answered his ring.

"No, he isn't," she replied, with a catch in her voice and, White thought, a look of fright in her eyes.

"Can you tell me where he is? I've been to his office in Boston, and it's locked."

"Did you have some business you wanted him to attend to?"

White said he had.

"WELL," said the little woman, her voice breaking, "the truth is, we don't know where Henry is ourselves, and we're very worried. We've been hoping every day he'd be here, but he doesn't come."

"When did you see him last?" he inquired.

"When he left home last Thursday morning. He said he was going to New Haven and one or two places near there to place some bonds for customers, and he expected to be back Saturday. I am sure something has happened to him," she added, "or I would have heard from him before now."

Under White's friendly questioning, Mrs. Norcross described everything her son had worn that Thursday morning, right down to the two flannel undershirts.

"One was white, the other terracotta-colored. I laid them out for him myself," she said. "When will I see you again?"

"I'll let your husband know the result of my investigation," said White as he hurried down the steps.

Once around the corner on the Old Turnpike, he drew from his pocket the photograph of Henry Norcross which she had given him, and compared it feature for feature with the flashlight photo of the bomber's head. There could be no doubt about it. They were likenesses of the same man.

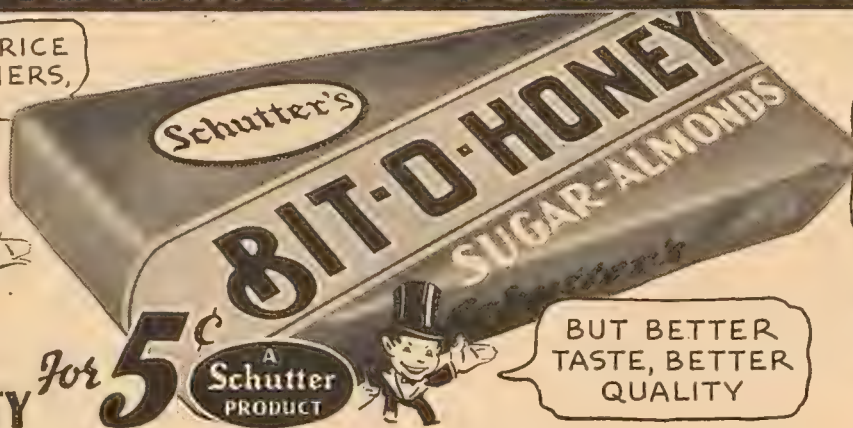
"Is it about my son that you have come?"

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TOP QUALITY



SUGAR HONEY NOUGAT FILLED WITH TOASTED ALMONDS



BUT BETTER TASTE, BETTER QUALITY

The speaker was tall white-haired Norcross, Sr., a bookkeeper in an office in Quincy Market; and as he spoke, his hands, which had been counting money, trembled, and the silver coins dropped all over the floor of the glass "cage" in which he sat.

"They're his, I'm sure," he said, as he handled the bits of tattered cloth. "But his mother will know. She always took such care of his clothes." And then he added, "He was all we had, Mother and I."

Investigation of the young man's background produced only the vaguest evidence to foreshadow any such dastardly deed.

His parents and grandparents, who had lived in Wilton, New Hampshire, were considered by the gossip-loving villagers a bit "reserved." His grandfather, along toward the end, was sometimes spoken of as a little "off." His cousin, Miss Kate Norcross, who belonged to a moneyed branch of the family, was also termed "eccentric" because she had made a romantic marriage on her deathbed, and left \$100,000 to her new husband. But the Norcrosses, by and large, were a normal, sane New England family.

AS a boy, Norcross had been known among his mates as a "peculiar fellow," who was a bit too good in his studies, didn't play games, and had no chums. He was no sissy, though. He went in heavily for war stuff, knew every general in history and how they fought their battles. On one occasion he had planted two black eyes on a big burly athlete who had insulted him. The boys respected him. They just didn't warm up to him, that was all.

"You might be acquainted with that fellow for five years," one of his old schoolmates said, "and never feel that you knew him."

There was apparently no romance in his life. The only girl who could be found to whom he had ever shown any attention was a Miss Bacon, a student at Dean Academy; and all she could seem to remember about him was that he didn't believe in God or in a hereafter.

Business acquaintances recalled that he was always dosing himself with camphor, alum, sulphur, and other specifics of his own concoction. Examination of his office showed a complete small-scale chemical laboratory, in which he had doubtless compounded these mixtures, and may have made the explosives used in the bomb.

Recently he had shown an almost feverish desire to make money. He was the inventor of a device which he thought would revolutionize the operation of elevated railroads, and had been bitterly disappointed at his failure to secure backing for it from Boston capitalists. In the iron safe in his office was this note to his mother:

More Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue of Liberty.

DEAR MOTHER: I am going to New York to get \$1,200,000. If successful, I shall return. If not, I shall kill myself.

(signed in full) HENRY L. NORCROSS.

Well, the World sprang its pants-button "scoop" on Saturday, December 12. The other papers were loath to accept the story. Tom Byrnes indignantly denied it. But when Dr. Edward Goggins, the dentist who had filled Henry Norcross's teeth, came to New York with his records and charts and positively identified the fillings in the teeth of the head in the morgue, the old cigar chewer had to admit he was licked — and by a reporter!

I'll never forget the scene that night in the back room at Mulberry Street. Byrnes was sore as hell. With him were his "Big Four," Billy McLoughlin, Ed Slevin, Dick O'Connor, and Andy Nugent, as fine a bunch of able-bodied crook smashers as the Big Town has ever seen. They were all riding the chief.

"What's that game we used to play, Tom, when we were kids?" ventured McLoughlin.

"How'd I be knowing about your damned games?"

McLoughlin winked eloquently at Andy Nugent.

"I've got it," he said. "It was Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?"

"Sure, that was a fine game," grinned Andy.

"It's a good game now," snarled the Old Man, "when you've got the button!"

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: The situation was hardly fair to the New York Police Department. There were good-men in it. McCluskey, in spite of his and Crowley's mistake in pinching Colonel Slocum as the bomber, was a splendid detective. He knew by sight practically every man with a police record in New York City.

There were only about 3,500 men on the force then, as against 19,000 now, but since crime in the '90s ran along fairly stereotyped lines, and pickpockets, safeblowers, second-story men, and strong-armers stuck pretty closely to their own fields, the 3,500 did their routine job pretty well.

It was the unusual crime that stuck them—and still does.

Moreover, if the World was merely having fun with the Department in giving space to all the fantastic theories and false clues in the Sage case, the newspaper was more than ordinarily unfair, because from the first it apparently had in its possession, unknown to the police, the one clue which could lead, and did lead, to establishing the identity of the bomber.

THE END

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| ☐ Chemistry | | |
| ☐ Electrical Engineering | | |

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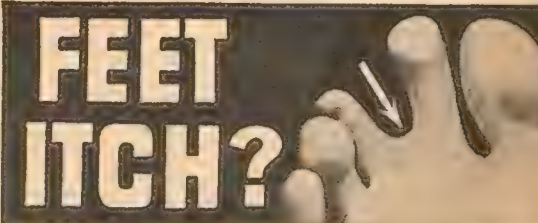
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A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON

Etiquette

How to Stand Out in a Crowd and Sit
Pretty — Our Miss Truffles Gives You
a Line on Some Secrets of the Stage

by DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN genius walks in a crowd, it's hard to tell him from an ordinary guy. And when a chorus girl applies for a job, it's hard to tell which are the good girls (I refer to their talent, not their morals, because, after all, that's another story) and which are the clucks. A cluck is a chorus girl who dances like she wouldn't let her left foot know what her right foot is doing.

Maybe you don't know how chorus girls are selected, and if you're planning on such a career, and even if you're not, you ought to be enlightened. It's always well to know how the other half lives—and gets away with it.

What has etiquette to do with getting a job, you may ask. Well, let me tell you, you can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar, as my Aunt Minnie so quaintly used to say. And you can catch more jobs by going about it the right way than you can streetcars on Forty-second Street any day!

When a Broadway producer wants chorus girls for a new show, he sends out what is known as a Call. I used to think some town crier went around the streets of Manhattan shouting in a monotonous voice: "Chorus girls, chorus girls, come out, come out, wherever you are!" But that was sheer whimsey on my part.

A Call means that a producer has his secretary's secretary telephone the various agents who specialize in supplying chorus girls. She informs them that at eleven o'clock next Tuesday morning there will be a Call, all applicants to appear at the stage entrance of the New Garden Theater.

In case there are any loose chorus girls (and again, by loose I mean unemployed) who are not notified of this by the agents, there is a peculiar grapevine system along the Great White Way whereby every one of them will pick up this choice bit of information, almost before the producer knows it himself.

I remember the first Call I ever attended. I was so green you'd have mistaken me for your long-lost billiard-table cover. They looked me over, and a short fellow in a derby hat asked me could I sing. Could I sing! And me with a copy of *At Dawning* under my arm and ten lessons at Professor Dewey's vocal school under my larynx. I said I could and would prove it. I started, but I hadn't got past the first "I love you," when they stopped me.

"Let it pass," called a man's voice from the darkened theater out front.

"Thank you," said the short fellow to me. "Next."

"Wait a minute, little girl!" shouted the voice from the theater again. "Don't run away."

I turned around. "What's your name?" asked the man, as he appeared out of the blackness and came down the aisle.

"Polly Truffles, sir," I replied in my well-mannered way. This seemed to amuse him.

"You wouldn't be Floradora's little sister, would you?" he asked.

I told him my sister's name was Nancy.

He laughed and said, "Lemme see your gams."

"Pardon," I replied. "I don't quite comprehend."

"Your gams, your gams! Legs, limbs, whatever you want to call 'em."

I pulled myself up in as high dudgeon as I could manage with my five feet two, and told him I would do no such thing.

"Don't get me wrong, baby," he laughed. "The tired business man don't

give a hang about what you think goes on at dawning. He wants to see a well-shaped leg. Give us a look. It's part of the business."

Well, if it was part of the business, that was a different matter. I'm a sensible enough person to realize that. So I pulled my skirts up just slightly above the knee, which seemed to be high enough, because the man grunted and said, sort of satisfied, "O.K. Shorty, take the name and address of this little lady. I guess we can use her. In a chorus of fifty singers they'll never hear that voice of hers anyway."

Notice that he said "little lady." Which shows that if you act politely and have etiquette, it will be rewarded with courteous treatment.

Since that time I have attended many Calls, frequently for the same manager. No matter how well they know you, you still have to appear at their Calls and sing and dance. It has become a joke now, my singing has. As a matter of routine, I get up and sing an arpeggio to the words "I cannot sing a single thing."

"O.K., Polly. You're in," they always say.

Once, to vary the monotony, I thought up a cute trick. Some of the girls sing in foreign languages. French or Italian, I guess it is—anyway, I can tell it isn't Chinese. Well, not having any foreign songs on the tip of my tongue, I copied the names of various shops along Broadway as I was driving down and sang them off backwards. This method makes a dandy-sounding foreign language.

When the manager heard my Broadway Latin, was he surprised! "What language was that?" he asked me.

"Oh, just a little thing of my own," I replied mysteriously. And to this day he swears I have some Persian in me.

Now, a lady should be so dressed that she may walk on the Bowery or on Park Avenue and not be conspicuous, according to some research workers on etiquette. I disagree. Why waste time thinking about how the boys on the Bowery are going to like your outfit? But I do agree with the Park Avenue part. The gentlemen a girl encounters on this street are the lads you are interested in interesting.

Now, how, you ask, are you going to stand out in a crowd if you are not conspicuous? There is as fine a distinction between the words *Attractive* and *Conspicuous* as there is between the words *Famous* and *Notorious*. Get what I mean?

I pulled my skirts up just above the knee, which seemed to be high enough, because the man grunted.



ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

At a Call you certainly have to be arrayed so that you will catch the eye. For this purpose I am against mink coats. Just as surely as a loaf of bread is wrapped in wax paper, every chorus girl who goes in search of a job is wrapped in mink.

What is the answer, then? You have to wear something. The answer is Chinchilla—pure and simple. Get yourself a chinchilla coat, or, in a pinch, a squirrel one. Squirrel makes a girl look sort of virginal and different. So, if you're the type, and I hope you are, try one.

Thus attired you will find that you stand out from your mink-enveloped sisters like a sore thumb, only in a nice way.

Wear a few diamond bracelets—not too many—and a single large diamond ring. If you don't happen to have these little accessories, you have friends, haven't you, from whom you might borrow them for the morning?

IT seems a producer likes to see a girl look prosperous. In that way he knows she's a smart little miss, being able to dress so well on her salary of fifty dollars a week. If you happen to have a friend who has a limousine, you might borrow that and wait outside the stage door until you see the manager approaching. Then hop out of your car just in time for him to catch you in the act, and glide through the stage door.

Inside you will find that a couple of hundred girls have heard the Call. Shorty, or somebody just like him, who later turns out to be the stage manager, asks the ladies to line up in a row across the stage. You do, and those who look promising—and by that I merely refer to your appearance—are asked to remain and to change into practice clothes.

You should always take along a little vanity case large enough to hold a pair of rompers or a bathing suit and your dancing slippers. Most producers insist on

seeing you thus attired, or unattired rather, before they will talk business. They take no chances with their imaginations these days.

I prefer a bathing suit—one that is almost conspicuous by its absence. If you have curves that are worthy of the name, they will make themselves known more agreeably in a bathing suit than they will in rompers.

Once you are undressed in your bathing suit, you are ready to show your walk. Yes, I said your walk! So many girls don't know how to walk. They act as if they were treading on very thin ice, and maybe they are. But why drag your personal life into the theater?

The proper way to walk is to put one foot directly in front of the other and spring slightly on the ball of the foot. I would suggest that you practice this in the privacy of your boudoir before you try it at a Call. You don't want to look like a drunken tightrope walker, which is just the effect you will produce unless you practice.

Knees are another problem. You really must pass the knee test. The knees should touch, and there should be no gap to the north. Your morals may not have to be straight to get into a musical show, but your legs must be.

Once you're in the show, you will find rehearsals very interesting. Often gentlemen of wealth and charm attend these rehearsals, having sunk a large part of the bank roll in the show, and they have to have some fun for their money.

If you have learned the gentle art of standing out in a crowd, you will soon find that one of these gentlemen will ask to meet you. And, having been properly introduced by the stage manager, who acts as sort of hostess at rehearsals, you're off to a good start. The rest I leave to you. I really can't do *everything* for you!

The social mentor of the theater will give her pupils some more valuable success hints in the near future.

FINGERPRINTS of the DICTATOR

Do They Mark a Trail from Mussolini and Hitler to Franklin D. Roosevelt?

by Senator L. J. DICKINSON of Iowa

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



HOW can you tell a dictatorship when you see one coming? What are the fingerprints?

Also, how far has the United States traveled on the road to a dictatorship? I will try to answer these questions by first sketching the framework of any and every dictatorship, and then citing a few conspicuous facts.

First, a dictator must be a popular hero. There is no other known entrance to his throne. Caesar came by that door. So did Napoleon, Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler. They all rose when the people were in distress, and by a few vivid strokes of certainty when all seemed uncertain captured the popular imagination.

However, this capture is for the moment only. If the dictator does not go on, his power will dissipate. How can he make it permanent?

Invariably he poses as leader of the common people—and does this by stirring up class hatred against an unpopular minority. Mussolini boldly strangled the Mafia. Lenin executed the nobility. Napoleon threw out the aristocrats.

In a nation of a hundred and thirty million people suffering through a depression, what could quicker arouse sympathy than "Soak the rich!"

If the dictator himself belongs to the class which he attacks, he thereby makes a wider appeal to hero-worshippers. For multitudes believe that if they can find a rich man who will lead them in attack against other rich men, then they have a champion indeed.

The next stage—an early one—is royal munificence. Roman emperors gave the populace "bread and circuses." Louis XIV gave them fountains and gaudy royal shows.

This phase of dictatorship also is invariably the same in that the dictator does the spending and leaves it to his successors to pay the bills.

A prime necessity with a dictator is to control public utterance. Caesar's first act of power was to ban every street-corner rostrum in Rome. Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin alike muffle their press. When Cromwell seized supreme power in England, he at once suppressed the political pamphlets which then represented journalism. For a dictator cannot exist indefinitely if the press is free. One or the other will have to go.

The next objective is to make the people conform to a single pattern. A multitude of independent individualities will not endure a dictator. So he must regiment the people. Reduce them to uniformity. Get them into lock step, subject to a single will.

And then? Divide and conquer. That is, after he has aroused the passions of the common people against a small class like the rich, the dictator proceeds among the middle class, which is always the backbone of a country, to prevent united resistance by arraying one segment of it against another.

This takes some time. How can he hold uprisings in check meanwhile? By terrorization. The Cheka; the Inquisition; the Star Chamber; the Senatorial investigation committee; the income-tax investigator.

But surely people are not so spineless? They must rebel? When they are hungry, food may deter them. Here the dictator holds his ace. Perhaps the clearest fingerprint to seek is that one which leads to food cards. Is the use of the state's control of food supply being manipulated so that the recipients of bounty will give their political support in return for the necessities of life? If so, then we clearly are in the presence of a dictatorship.

We arrive at our second inquiry: How far has the United States traveled on the road to dictatorship?

President Roosevelt presents himself as a popular hero leading the common people against the wealthy class of which he himself has always been a member. If the attack were only on rich malefactors it could be readily justified, but if it is animated by hatred of a class as such, then we see a demagogue striving to soften up the political structure so he may command it.

Dr. Tugwell said recently, "How deep are the sources of your indignation? . . . We must keep alive the sources of that anger which has kept us going."

The administration has since put the soft pedal on Dr. Tugwell; but in its acts the White House has interpreted effectively the Tugwellian gospel of hate.

There are many proofs of this, but I must confine myself to the broadest and simplest. Only recently the President announced that if industry did not employ the unemployed, the government would, and would tax industry to pay the bills.

Under the Constitution, industry cannot be exclusively taxed to pay general bills, any more than we can exclusively tax agriculture or retail business or personal service. The Supreme Court sees to that.

Why does the President single out industry? Palpably, because that means to his followers the big industrialists, big money, rich men, Wall Street. He knows, or should know, that in the end he cannot carry out his threat. In the meantime, the threat of higher taxes is the surest way of preventing industry from expanding; and unless industry expands it cannot employ more people.

As to the squander-our-way-out policy of the President, which has cost and will cost our nation more than fifteen billion dollars, I need mention it only in passing, for the story is well known.

Any would-be dictator of the United States will always find control of the press his hardest nut to crack. The administration began by arming itself with a multitude of press agents. The statute law of 1913 (Section 54, title 5, of the U. S. Code), never repealed, says: "No money appropriated by any act shall be used for the compensation of any publicity expert unless specially appropriated for that purpose."

In defiance of this law, the Roosevelt administration



"The dictator's authentic voice was heard in the White House in April!" says Senator Dickinson.

has installed in Washington, in various bureaus, between fifteen and eighteen hundred "publicity experts," whose salaries range from \$10,000 a year down. How is the law evaded? By camouflage. They are in all departments as "assistant secretaries," or as "directors of information," or as "research clerks," and, in at least one instance of which I am assured, as "janitor."

This compact little army of eighteen hundred press agents floods the newspapers, magazines, and publishing houses of the country with specious propaganda, and thus makes a fair beginning toward "influencing" the press.

However, influencing is not enough. A dictator must control. The first overt attempt came before the NRA was declared unconstitutional, when General Johnson tried to establish the newspaper codes. More recently the sinister power of the government to threaten the press appeared when the Black Committee of the Senate seized every telegram sent out of Washington during a certain period—and evidently for the particular purpose of exposing the editorial secrets of one publisher.

This was not the voice of the dictator—just a fingerprint. The authentic voice was heard in April when a group of publishers called at the White House, by invitation, and "took counsel" with the President. He was under the impression that he was talking to editors, when in fact they were all full owners, part owners, or contract publishers of important publications.

He said, in effect, that he realized how often they, being merely the editors, were obliged to publish things at the behest of the owners which they themselves might not entirely approve. Therefore, he would tell them quite frankly that he did not approve the publication of so-called interpretative writing of political news. There were, in particular, three columnists whose work he regarded as unfair, and he would appreciate it if they, whenever they could, would discourage its publication. And he named the three.

The direct answer to this was the resolution, adopted a few days later by the publishers in assembly, calling upon

the nation to respect the rights of the press. The President, however, had shown his hand.

Is the principle of press control on which Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini operate any different? I think not.

How does the President divide and conquer? He sets the farmer against all others by telling him he is specially abused and giving him handouts which the Supreme Court disapproves. He sets the workers in one industry against their chiefs by offering legislation in their behalf which he knows cannot survive the Supreme Court, and asks Congress to vote for it, "even if you think it is unconstitutional," for the obvious purpose of enraging those workers when at last they discover that the gratuity offered is illegal. In innumerable ways he slowly encroaches on the liberties of one class after another.

This is the familiar way of the dictator. He chisels away liberties by degrees. Each encroachment affects only a minority, and each is mingled with an apparent blessing—a disguised bribe, in money form.

As for regimentation, so far, the regimenting in the United States has been done by indirection, though repeated attempts have been made to defy the Constitution, which guarantees to every individual his right to *contract* for his labor and his other possessions.

Still, let us look for the fingerprints. Consider relief. This concerns directly a fifth of our population. The government decided to improve the morale of the larger part of this number, and in December last selected twelve million, more or less, to put to work on PWA jobs.

This looked to some like a humanitarian move. Yet, when the time came to transfer these people from the relief rolls to the PWA rolls, they were transferred *not by name but by number*. The freeborn American gave away his name and took a number. He was just another cog, another robot. Is that a fingerprint?

A federal jurist, Judge Merrill E. Otis, ruled on the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill, saying, "This act deals with an individual employee . . . as if he were a member of an uncivilized tribe of Indians, or a recently emancipated slave."

Now, how about food control? Whoever has the power to say, "Vote as I tell you or starve," is potentially a dictator indeed. It is enough to quote one letter:

Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, 1936.

Dear Committeeman:

Contact all houses in your division and get the names of all men on relief, also all those holding WPA jobs. Urge them to register Democrat on March 25 or else lose position.

Sincerely yours, CHARLES McDONALD.

Mr. McDonald is a local Democratic ward leader.

The revelations of Democratic Senator Rush Holt in West Virginia, of the Kansas City Star, of the Chicago Tribune, and of others elsewhere only add to the unmistakable evidence in this letter.

Are these fingerprints?

In Nazi Germany and in Fascist Italy every one votes to perpetuate the government if he is a patriot. If he is not, he moves to another country, goes to jail, or is shot.

In 1936, in America, nobody who fails to vote "right" is threatened with death by shooting—only with death by starvation.

No man may be sure, however, of just where we are headed if we do vote "right." For a suggestion—which was somewhat veiled and cryptic—came from the White House during the past winter, to the effect that the coming election might be the last under our present form of government.

Just what does this mean?

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES



MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur writers and artists!

This is the thirteenth week of the Liberty Amateur Writers Page and your contributions continue to flow in by the thousands. From this mass of

material the entries of true merit stand out. Many have a sparkle of originality, a sureness of touch which promise a future for their creators.

It gives me great pleasure to realize that perhaps this page has opened the way to a real career for aspiring young writers and cartoonists who needed only a bit of encouragement. Certainly, from the vast improvement in the quality of manuscripts and pictures recently received, I feel that this encouragement has already had its effect.

The wheel of fortune spins--the chance is yours. Make the most of it.

Major Edward Bowes

M. Wohlberg of Los Angeles, California, proves he is not superstitious. He submitted thirteen smart sayings, and I have chosen the following one, which appealed the most to me:

A depression is a national state of mind which nobody seems to know how it happened, when it started, what to do about it, and when and how it ends.

To the self-titled "proud owner of the largest collection of rejection slips," who states that if Liberty issues some she will have her room papered a month in advance, we send not the additional wallpaper--but a check which we hope she will cash. And I trust it will prove the beginning of a series of good tidings for Erika Schwager of Newark, New Jersey. She most certainly deserves a chance.

CANDLES

*Love is a candle white,
Lit for a space;
Fed by the radiance
Of a sweet face.*

*Numerous candle stubs
Stored on my shelf....
When will I ever get
Wise to myself?*

I think John F. Weber of Neponset, Massachusetts, deserves applause for his fine contribution. It is original and discloses a keen wit.



"Don't yell at him so, McGillicuddy!
Can't you see he's sensitive?"

Do you like ghost stories? It is a subject that lends itself easily to short stories with surprise endings. Mrs. J. A. Mosier of Painesville, Ohio, apparently reminisces in her *Midnight Music*. A strange experience indeed!

MIDNIGHT MUSIC

On my sixteenth birthday I received a gift which later brought me a strange and weird experience.

The gift, a piano, arrived on my birthday morning. After I had excitedly embraced my thoughtful parents and admired the lovely instrument, elderly Mr. Cull, from whom the piano had been purchased, smiled gently at my enthusiasm and said he would like to play for me in honor of my birthday. He played several selections. One was particularly charming. Its catchy and unusual rhythm made it something to be remembered a long time. I asked him to repeat it. He did so, and remarked that it was a little composition of his own.

At lunch, which Mr. Cull was asked to share, we found that composing music was not his only interest outside of his business. His greatest interest was spiritualism. He talked eagerly of his latest experience at a séance. We listened carefully. Nevertheless he sensed our skepticism and rather startled us with an abrupt:

"I've not long to live--bad heart. When I go I shall find some way to convince you that the dead can and do return to this world!"

Some months after this conversation, I was in my room one night, preparing for bed. It was late. Tired, I slipped into bed and relaxed happily against the cool linen. Before I could close my eyes, the clock in the hall downstairs struck twelve. As the last note grew thin, another sound arose which sent me to the edge of the bed. Music lilted up the stairs. Some one was playing the piano. Strange, since, of the three people in the house, I alone knew how to play. Stranger still that the music was Mr. Cull's rhythmic composition. I tried to move. I couldn't. It was like being suddenly bound with yards of icy rope.

Then abruptly the music ceased. I heard a light snapped on below, and mother's voice. The spell was broken. I hurried downstairs. Mother said she had been awakened by the playing. When she got up to investigate, it stopped.

Dad joined us. He insisted he had heard no music. To satisfy us, he made a thorough search of the house, and finding nobody, laughed at us, said we had been dreaming, or at most the family cat had walked over the keys. Cat indeed! Talented puss. It was no cat. It was no dream.

The answer? I'd like to find it. At any rate, the next edition of our local paper carried the following announcement:

Mr. Richard Cull, one of the city's oldest business men, died of a heart attack at one minute of twelve o'clock yesterday evening.

"I know I'll get all the waitresses' votes with this one," writes M. F. Johnson of San Francisco, California. I think she'll get a lot of other votes too.

WAITRESS'S LAMENT

*Woe to those who sit at my table
And run me ragged, till I'm hardly
able
To stand on my feet, and hear them
moan,
"The coffee's cold! The meat's all
bone!
More water, more cream, more tea,
more bread!"
And so on and so forth, until they're
fed.
They're making me gray before my
time
Yet they walk right out and don't
leave me
A dime!*

A jocular bit of philosophy from Dorothy Isobel Franklin of Chicago, Illinois.

A hard-working farmer is one who makes hay while the sun shines on the back of his neck.

A short story with a fine lesson—from Mae McCoy of West Chester, Pennsylvania.

VINCES

John Finney slowly entered the shop that bore on the plate-glass front the words, OLD GOLD BOUGHT. He dumped on to the counter a few articles of jewelry—a ring, cuff links, a scarfpin. With the exception of the wrinkled brown suit he wore, they were the last of his possessions, and not of much value: gifts he had received years ago upon graduating from college.

As he walked out of the shop with two fifty in his pocket, there marched through his mind incidents of his boyhood in the small home town; college days; his coming to the big city; marriage; success. People had said that he was one of the greatest bridge engineers. Then he had made the mistake. A partially constructed bridge had collapsed. As the bridge had crumbled and fallen, so had his life. License revoked, money gone, friends and wife deserting, he knew bankruptcy and ruin.

Hours later he paused at the middle of the bridge. His half-crazed mind seized upon the irony of ending it all from this monument to his failure—the bridge that he had failed to build. Some one else had built it, strong and firm. Mechanically his hand reached into his pocket in search of a package of cigarettes. His fingers closed around an object which he drew out. It was a lodge pin that he had placed in his pocket with the other articles of jewelry. Holding the pin between thumb and finger, he studied the engraved words: *In hoc signo vinces*. "Vinces," he mumbled—"Thou shalt conquer."

Slowly he returned to the city. He was not going to take a coward's way out. He would search until he found

work—any kind of work. He would conquer.

A beautiful snapshot indeed! This is one of the finest contributions I have seen. It is from Hans Noack of Detroit, Michigan—a mechanical engineer, thirty-four years old, married, and this is a picture of one of his children.



A Water Nymph

Edward F. O'Hare of Lakewood, Ohio, twenty-six-year-old substitute teacher, who would like to be a newspaper columnist. He leaps into Liberty's limelight with two acrid items:

This being a campaign year, the thought occurs that too many block-heads consider themselves political timber.

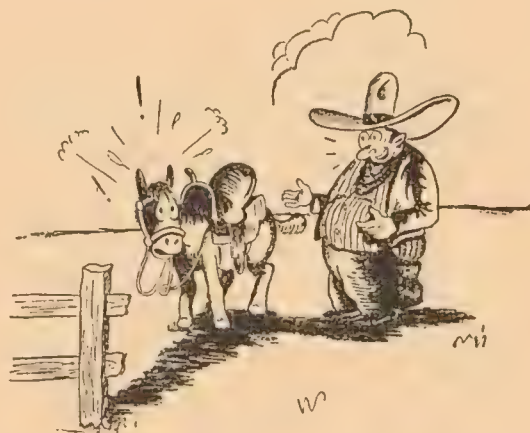
In this country we have the landed gentry and the gentry that landed too late.

I have chosen two of the many curious couplets which Cyril J. Conrad of Altoona, Pennsylvania, has submitted. They are witty, ingenious, and epigrammatic.

*Bad habits are things that we never
possessed;
The other folks have them; our own
are the best.*

*A girl always marries two men you
will find:
The one that he is and the one in
her mind.*

To get the gong or not to get the gong—that is the question. And we leave it to you readers. Marvin Townsend of Kansas City, Missouri, is the contributor.



"Now, the question is, shall I ride you or shall you ride me?"

Humorous, clever, original. Edgell Hoffman of Sybial, West Virginia, sends this entry:

THE YOUNG FIREFLY'S FIRST SPARK

A young lightning bug was about to make his first attempt at "lighting up." In the meantime dark massive clouds were gathering overhead, and just as the little firefly lit up, a tremendous streak of lightning shot across the sky. "Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "Look at what I did!"

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to the following short-story writers: Sarah Sutherland, Atlanta, Ga.; Stanley M. Carmichael, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. H. M. Cornett, San Antonio, Texas; Mrs. M. M. Guthrie, Los Angeles, Calif.; James Richard Sicafoose, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss Harvey Helen Lewis, Sioux City, Iowa. To the following poets: Eevi Nyman, Bronx, N. Y.; Lynn Caruthers, Sherman, Texas; Liberty A. Philpot, Bayles, Calif.; Anna E. Lembeck, Duluth, Minn. For her anecdote: Mrs. L. F. Collins, Alexandria, Va. For his cartoon: Les Thanem, Seattle, Wash. For his snapshot: B. H. Manewal, Washington, D. C.

PRIZE WINNERS, APRIL 11

The Weakling, a short story by Myrtle E. Gilbert, Egg Harbor City, N. J., won most votes on the April 11 page, and the author receives \$25. Second was Mrs. A. F. Worcester of Tulsa, Okla., whose poem, My Gift, brings her \$10. Third prizes of \$5 each go to Phil Roy, Akron, Ohio, for his cartoon, Crashing the Front Page; Mrs. A. E. Santini, Detroit, Mich., for her story, Rendezvous; and Carmen Troy of Los Angeles, Calif., for her squib, Advertisements.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE

Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud. Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive \$5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of \$25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; \$10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and \$5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Arrival by Plane

Liberty's Short Short

by ALBERTA WILLIAMS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



THE minute Mack Griffen heard the news, he packed his belongings and left the West Side rooming-house, took a taxi to the middle-class East Side hotel where he'd met Jane for dates so many evenings before they were married, and registered as Matthew Gordon of Des Moines, Iowa. He didn't propose to be harassed by movie photographers, newspaper reporters, salesmen, and all the other cranks and high-pressure lads who would be after a shipping-clerk sweepstakes winner. All he cared about was the fifty thousand dollars and that would come. Meanwhile he had something else to think about.

The plan worked. In the hysterical columns of stories about New York's lucky winners there'd been only one brief paragraph about him—that Mack Griffen could not be located.

This morning—the morning after the big excitement—Mack shaved and dressed very deliberately. He'd take Jane and the boy back. Of course he would! This year without her had made him realize that Jane was just a part of him. He had to have her; he knew that. But on his own terms. Jane would have to get some understanding of the way a man thinks and feels, and he'd tell her so. He guessed it wouldn't take Jane long to decide between a PWA relief investigator's job in Chicago and an established home here for the three of them with fifty grand to back it. But there'd be no more scenes like the one they had the second week after they'd used up their savings account and he was still jobless and Jane had gone to work. What if he had come in at three o'clock and what if he had been drinking? He wasn't drunk, and she'd had no business getting up and fixing herself a bed on the couch in the living room, and demanding coldly, "Is this the best thing you can think of to do with the money I make by standing behind a counter all day?"

It was the same way the day she took the youngster and walked out on him and went to her people in Chicago. Jane had come home from her job in the middle of the afternoon with a sore throat. She'd found him in the kitchen playing double solitaire with Mrs. Murdox from the third floor. Well, what of it? A man couldn't pound the pavements looking for work every hour of the day. And as for Mrs. Murdox, she meant nothing to him, and Jane knew it. She was just good company.

Mack took the elevator down to the coffee shop to have breakfast. No room service or de luxe dining room for him; he had no yen to put on a lot of side just because he'd come into some easy money.

"... and two four-minute eggs," he was ordering when his glance traveled over to the next counter and he saw her. By George, Janie was hot on his trail. Under the circumstances she might have let him make the first move. "Never mind," he told the counter waitress. "I'm going to eat over there."

Jane hadn't seen him. He noticed that she still wore the same coat she'd bought three years ago. Jane had never been a beauty; but, as always, there was about her an air of proud distinction that challenged him.

"Hello, Janie," he greeted her, and took the stool beside her.

She started at the sound of his voice. "Why—why, Mack, I hadn't expected to find you *here*."

But she had expected to find him! He took the menu out of her hands and ordered breakfast for both of them. She was uneasily silent.

"You seem to have made a beeline for New York the minute you heard the news."

She nodded and an expression of relief crossed her face. "I took a plane. I—I didn't know just where to go, so I came here where we used to meet, and registered. I thought I'd go over to your address and look you up as soon as I'd had a bite of breakfast."

"I'm staying here now. How's the boy?"

"Oh, Mack, he's fine. He—he's looking more like you every day. It's

for his sake that I'm so glad this happened."

She looked up at him with that same appealing eagerness that had first made her so dear to him.

"Whatever happened between you and me shouldn't matter now. Not when we can establish a real home for the three of us." Her low voice was earnest.

SOMEHOW, faced with her, all the things he'd meant to say left his mind and he heard himself muttering, "No, I guess not."

"I'm so glad you see it that way! Our troubles were all money ones, anyway. Always before that time we were happy together."

"I was wrong, Mack, and I blame myself. Since I've been working among jobless people I see how easy it is for them to be so fagged and desperate with their situation that they lose perspective on life. That's what was the matter with me. I was just so physically tired and so worried that I lost my sympathy, my understanding, my patience. I know those things leave scars. But remember, Mack, if I hadn't loved you so much I shouldn't have cared so deeply when I thought you were failing me."

"I know, Janie, I know. I was wrong, too. I did let down, didn't keep up my morale, got discouraged and let myself slack on my job of hunting work. I've been bitter and a sorehead. Until I started talking to you I still wasn't seeing things straight." As his hand closed over hers he felt her fingers tighten in the old familiar way around his.

With her free hand she fumbled in her purse. "Here are some new snapshots of little Mack. Oh, there goes my newspaper clipping!"

He picked up the piece of paper that had fallen.

"This was the first time in my life I ever bought a sweepstakes ticket," she said. "Well, when I heard that I had won a hundred thousand dollars, I almost fainted; and as soon as I collected my wits I began packing my suitcase. I just told the reporters that the money was a godsend and that I was leaving immediately for New York. Why, Mack, what's the matter? Aren't you all right? Is anything wrong?"

"I'm all right, Janie," he told her unsteadily. "I just want to get down on my knees to you, or do something dramatic that I can't do here. Nothing's wrong. Nothing ever will be wrong again!" And he knew that what he was saying was true.

THE END

TO THE

Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TALKING with Walter Duranty, master journalist, author, globe-trotter, Number One authority on Soviet Russia. He's the famous New York Times foreign correspondent who *writes as he pleases*.

"The question of war in Europe," he said, "may probably be answered by remembering what happens when a woman buys herself a swell new hat or dress. What happens? Why, she steps out and wears them, doesn't she, just as quick as she can, whether the occasion for doing so is suitable or not? Well, the same desire takes hold of nations when they buy new battleships and guns. They can't resist the urge to show them off."

A European war, thinks Walter Duranty, may start almost anywhere at almost any time. He regards Czechoslovakia as one of the danger spots. Said we never see pictures of Stalin or Hitler on horseback because they don't need the equestrian pose to strut their stuff. Told me Stalin nearly ate him alive one time in Moscow when he asked the Red chief if he had any superstitions like touching wood or wishing on a load of hay. Such old-fashioned ideas make the Communist leader hopping mad.

Mr. Duranty is a connoisseur of cities as well as a brilliant reporter of world events.

"For loafing," he said, "give me an outdoor café along the Danube river front at Budapest, where I can sit and watch the pretty Hungarian girls go by. Give me Paris for getting scared

stiff by taxicabs, and for a good night's sleep give me any city except New York."

● Ordinarily there wouldn't be anything new to say about a romance inspired by majestic scenes of nature. Love has long been a votary of nature's grandest attitudes. But I have just heard a scenic love tale, a true one, with a peculiar angle. It happened last year to a young couple that I know. They met for the first time at a mountain cabin where both had been invited as week-end guests. They were city-born, city-bred, never really at home in the wilds. The cabin was prized for its sweeping vista over lonely mountaintops. Every one always raved about the view. As he was driving her back to town, after the party broke up, the girl said to the young man:

"Good heavens, wasn't that an *awful* place!"

He stopped his car and proposed to her immediately. "If you feel the same way I do about a place like that," he said, "we ought to get married. We'll be sure to get along fine."

They have been married for some months. And they are getting along fine.



WALTER DURANTY

● The flavor of sage was supposed, in olden times, to make us wise. Perhaps that's why grandma used sage as a seasoning when she stuffed a goose. Now sage is back in vogue again. Try a pinch of it in your omelets, pancakes, stews, or sandwich spreads. I think you'll like it.

● To a dowager lady of my acquaintance I went for advice on the subject of inexpensive wedding gifts. She lives in a city of medium size, knows practically every one, has dozens of young relatives, is bombarded every June with invitations to weddings. She said:

"I give them all subscriptions to our home-town newspaper. If they set up housekeeping here they'll need the paper in their new home, just as they'll need milk every day, and gas and electricity. If they go away to live somewhere else, as so many young people do, then I believe they may need their home-town paper even more."

Here is a genuinely thoughtful wedding-gift suggestion. Every newlywed household is a new family unit in its community, and should be well informed, always, concerning local affairs. And if the young pair must move away, why break old ties completely? Their home-town newspaper can be a strong chain linking them to loved ones and fond friends.

● Calling her "a born serpent and a daily devil," the husband of Mary Anne Thomson put her up at public auction, sold her to the highest bidder. She could milk and she could read and write, so Joseph Mears traded five dollars and a dog for her. That chivalrous transaction occurred one hundred and four years ago at Carlisle, in the north of England. It was the last wife auction to be recorded historically in a civilized country of our Western world.

What a long way we gals have gone since then! Husbands who want to get rid of us now have to pay *us*!

● For new light on the celebrated cleverness of French ladies, read *Some Women of France*, by Paul Barron Watson. (Published by Coward-McCann, Inc.)

● A chin-length veil with ostrich-feather fringe is the newest nonsense in Paris. The hat you wear with it should be a straw beret surmounted by an ostrich pompon. If the feathers on the veil make you sneeze, try to sneeze becomingly. And don't wear this getup before afternoon. Too coquettish. Strictly for morning use, on the other hand, are the new compacts of wood with the natural bark left on, or finished to look that way. After lunch they are out.



WAR rumors fill Yokohama in the spring of 1937. Hearing of secret new supersubmarines built by Japan, young Lieutenant James T. Grant, U. S. N., acting on his own initiative, spies upon them. And only the quick wit of Marian Lamar, a friend of Prince Kakagawa, the Japanese war lord, saves him from capture and a firing squad.

However, he and Mike Delevan, his self-appointed shadow, are hustled aboard a steamer bound for Honolulu. Oddly enough, Miss Lamar is also deported. During the voyage Grant falls in love with the girl, though he suspects her of being in the pay of Japan. His infatuation is doubly distressing because he is already engaged to Rita Cannelle.

Arrived in Honolulu, they find that Japanese planes have begun bombarding Hawaii. Immediately Grant and Mike are in the thick of battle. Under a rain of death, Grant's whole concern is for his relatives who live in the islands, and for Marian, whose life is in hourly danger. Then one day he stumbles over the body of his slain kid brother.

Suddenly a great flying clipper from the States swings into sight and lands. Official orders require Grant to go back with her. Aboard the giant bird he finds the faithful Mike and a black steward whom Mike calls Jubilee. When they get to San Diego the astonished Grant is hailed as a hero and he has a touching reunion with Rita.

Dashing on to Washington to report, the naval lieutenant is further astonished to encounter Marian there. And she has "scooped" the world with a newspaper story of his bravery in Hawaii. To complete his bewilderment, the girl warns him to stop the President from sending the fleet to the relief of the besieged islands.

But that command is issued, and Grant is to go too. On his way back, in Los Angeles he is met by Admiral Timms and told he is to be drafted for Intelligence work and in the near future become "Dan Browne."

Word comes that Rita's father has been killed. Bidding the crushed girl and her widowed mother farewell, Grant sails with the fleet. There is a tremendous battle on the Pacific, with the Americans fairly wiped out. But Grant survives, and returns to horror-stricken California. As Dan Browne, now on the staff of a newspaper at Admiral Timms's orders, he writes the story of the naval battle.

PART EIGHT—THE CAPITAL OF THE NEW JAPAN

THE panic that gripped the Pacific Coast grew with each passing day. America beyond the Rockies was mobilizing men and munitions and speeding up her output of planes. An army of two million was being raised. But there were delays. There was confusion. And the Japanese were coming nearer and nearer and nearer!

People left Southern California every day by the thousands. Most of the rubber-tired traffic went to the North. The majority of the deserters preferred to settle in Canada rather than in Mexico. Those who stayed did so because they were trapped—because they were old or sick, or had sick relatives or friends, because they could not leave their businesses, their banks, their shops, their stores, their little jobs.

Not even the victory of Lingayen gave the people any hope—though they said McDugel's name as if it were a

WITHOUT



Japanese planes were above, marine corps planes fighting them, falling. A flood of khaki surged up over the railroad embankment.

America Invaded! Terror and Tragedy in California; Disaster in New York!—
A Breath-Taking Novel of War in 1937
Sweeps into Startling Action

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 1 SECOND

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING

prayer, though they danced in the streets of Hollywood and gave themselves over to licentiousness and drink when the news of the battle was told.

Ship after ship McDugel had sunk or taken as a prize into Zamboanga. The Japanese had become desperate, and had sent Vice-Admiral Hirosaka out to find him. He sailed with eight cruisers, a plane carrier, and a destroyer flotilla. But McDugel got out of Zamboanga in time, taking his prizes with him, and the garrison of Pettit Barracks, burning all the stores he could not carry.

In two weeks McDugel had sunk or confiscated 250,000 tons of shipping, had wreaked havoc with the pearling fleet, had forced the cruiser Tsushima to intern at Fremantle, had sunk the cruisers Hirado and Tone by gunfire, and—under cover of a brilliant little action waged by his S-boats against destroyers—had laid a mine field off Mariveles that accounted for the cruiser Akashi.

Bad weather had dispersed the Japanese fleet and forced some units of it into Lingayen Gulf, where American army and navy planes assailed them. The weather moderating, McDugel laid new mines. Two Japanese destroyers came up as the American mine layers withdrew. One of them struck a mine and went down. The next morning our submarines sank four destroyers and put a torpedo well forward in the old cruiser Adzuma.

Hirosaka, in the Hiyei, came upon the scene and held gallantly on. He fought to the end—a whale beset with swordfish and kites. He wouldn't surrender. He stood

WARNING



ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

on top of his No. 2 turret, saluting his flag, while his torpedo-shattered, bomb-torn, gun-smashed ship sank slowly.

Manila was once more an open port. McDugel was free to turn attention to what was left of Hirosaka's fleet and the supply ships it convoyed.

Hardly had the newsboys ceased crying their flaming words of victory than they began to yell of the destruction of San Francisco. The news was false.

"Japanese agents spread that rumor," Bill Marvel said. "They're shooting our morale to hell. But I can't find them, and neither can you. These fellows hang around dives we can't afford to visit. If I had somebody who looked and acted like a bum—"

"Mike!" I shouted. "Mike Delevan. He looks like a bum. He understands Japanese. He can go anywhere. He's got the guts of the devil. He's the man you want!"

"Go get him," Bill said.

I WAS glad to get away from Los Angeles for a night, glad to quit looking for Marian Lamar—it seemed such a hopeless task—glad to be in some kind of motion.

Rita Cannelle was there again, in the little Seventh Street apartment, when I left. She was pale and very lovely in her deep mourning. She had not wept since that day in the grimy little church. She prayed for her father constantly; and, though she seemed entirely unaware of it, with every word she said of him to God, she said a word for me. Subtly, gradually, I had taken

her father's place. There was such a mixture of intimacy and pity and love for her in my heart, such a delight in being near her, in studying her—poor child, how easily read she was!—such a fierce determination to cherish and comfort and protect her, that thoughts of Marian Lamar were the veriest torture to me.

I kissed Rita.

"I'll be back as soon as I can," I said. "You know that, dearest."

"Yes," she said simply; "I know that."

She came every night to my rooms. Bill Marvel escorted her, and sometimes her mother with her. She came after dark, through the restaurant and up the stairs to the trap door. Since her picture had been printed in the newspapers and Japanese spies might easily identify her, Marvel thought it wiser she never should be seen with me. If they recognized her, they would know me.

THERE were only these few hours between us every night, usually with Marvel sitting over a book not far away and glancing at us now and then in his strange way.

Rita kissed me and said good-bye, and tried to smile; but at the last moment she ran to the door and threw her arms about me and begged to be taken with me.

I managed to quiet her after a time, kissing her tears away, smoothing her silky hair, holding her little pointed chin in my hands and smiling into her eyes. She smiled back so piteously that I fled.

Traffic covered the road. There was no passing it. There was no speeding through it. Footsore, frightened, hungry, weary, dust-stained women and children begged me for a lift. I took all I could into the little car, and turned on the radio, that they might have music.

It took me nearly four hours to reach San Diego. I parked the car near a gaudy red-white-and-blue hot-dog stand outside the naval reservation, and started in to look for Mike. A loud musical voice halted me:

"Hi, lieutenant. Glory be! Glad to see yo' lookin' so salubrious, Mr. Grant, suh!"

"Jubilee," I said sternly, "if you ever address me like that again, I'll cut off your ears and use them for spare tires. I'm Dan Browne."

"Yassuh!" he said. "Yassuh, Mr. Browne. Yo's investigatin' the whitherabouts of Mr. Delevan, I assume, suh?"

"Yes. Can you get him?"

He sent a boy running for him.

"Mike's a sergeant again, I hear," I said, sitting on a stool and drinking half the glass of water Jubilee had mechanically placed in front of me.

"Yassuh. And sober's a bahtendeh. Don't touch a thing, Mr. Browne, 'cept straight whisky. Y'oughta see him drillin' them marines, suh. Mighty noble, he is. And grand!"

Mike was sober when he came. And glad to see me. He shook my hands. He hugged me.

"I thought you were dead," he said.

Mike and I drank beer, ate hot dogs and hamburgers; and then Jubilee turned on the radio and lay down behind the counter to sleep. It was early morning and he expected no more trade. Mike and I talked for hours.

but it was no good. Mike wouldn't leave the marines. He wouldn't be a spy.

"What'd my poor mother say?" he demanded. "And what'd become of Jubilee?"

We talked of other matters for a time. Timms had gone back to Washington, Mike said; and the battleships Virginia and Missouri, which had been taken into Mare Island for repairs after the battle with the giant submarines, had vanished.

"They slipped out through the Golden Gate this afternoon," Mike said, "with the Saratoga and three cruisers, the Astoria, the Tomahawk, and the Trenton. Maybe they're going to McDugel. I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised at that. Nobody knows but Timms."

All of a sudden the radio stopped dead. A girl had been singing a song—in some New York broadcasting station perhaps. A man's voice, sharp, excited, almost breathless, began to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is Station KKKK, Los Angeles. I have an important announcement to make. The Japanese—the Japanese are coming! The roar of their motors fills the western sky. People are tumbling into the streets by thousands here in Los Angeles. They're white-faced, trembling. It's the Japanese!"

"Mother of God!" Mike said.

"They'll bomb March Field," I said, "and then Los Angeles."

March Field, in Riverside, had the largest single air force in the continental United States, except for that at Langley Field, Virginia. "Flying Jack" Dwyer, the colonel in command, had seventy-five first-class pursuit planes there, and fifty-seven modern bombers. He didn't expect the Japanese could bring more than five carriers against him—say a total of 210 planes, some of which must be reconnaissance and observation ships. He was confident he could beat them.

I told all this to Mike.

THE voice on the radio, which had been silent for some few moments, now cried out:

"They're fighting! They're fighting with the Japanese. The sky over Riverside is full of ships. You can see them plainly, now the sun's up. American and Japanese planes, zooming, diving, falling. There's a ship falling in flames. It's Japanese. No, it's American. Ladies and gentlemen, it's Japanese! They're fighting furiously," the voice went on. "More planes are falling. The leading Japanese squadron has been beaten! It's been scattered! Nine or ten of its planes have been shot down. They're running away! The Japanese are running away. The Americans are after them. It's glorious! It's glorious!"

"More Japanese are coming from the west. There go our bombers. Out to sea. Two squadrons, going out over the ocean. They'll bomb the carriers. Yes, they'll rain bombs on the Japanese carriers and warships!"

"At last!" Mike said.

A suave bored irritating voice came through the loud-speaker.

"You have been listening to a word picture of the air-plane fight over Riverside, California, and Los Angeles," it said, "as told by Bartley Greeb. Mr. Greeb will return to the microphone shortly with fresh news of the battle. This is Station KKKK, John Hitch announcing."

A piano tinkled. A girl sang.

Jubilee awakened. He got up, section by section, yawned, stretched, studied us, decided not to speak, lit the gas under the coffee urns.

The voice of Bartley Greeb was heard again:

"They're breaking! The Japanese are breaking! We've got them on the run. We've whipped them. We've won! The Japanese are running. They're running to their carriers. Oh, this is glorious, ladies and gentlemen! I wish you could be here with me to see this thrilling event."

"Gollies!" said Jubilee. "Oh, my gollies!"

"There goes a red-and-green rocket. That's the signal for our boys to pursue. They're pursuing. The Japanese ships are going down in flames. In flames! I can almost hear them screaming. The Japanese—oh, my God!"

The voice was silent again.

Mike jumped up, dashed to the radio, shook his fist at it.

"Go on, damn you!" he shouted. "Speak, gabby guy. What's happened?"

AS if in answer, the radio burst into sudden awful voice:

"There are more Japanese above—high above. They were hiding in the clouds. Waiting. They were waiting in ambush. The clouds are black with them now. They're coming down. They're coming down! I can't count them. We're lost! The Americans are lost!"

"Gimme a drink," Mike said. "I need a drink."

Jubilee took out a flask he had hidden under the counter, handed it to Mike. Mike gulped half the contents.

"Come on," he said.

We started out.

"The Japanese troops have landed," the radio voice shrieked at us as we stood in Jubilee's door. "They've landed at Redondo Beach. For God's sake, send us the marines!"

"Keep your shirt on, damn you!" Mike shouted. "We'll be there."

We started running toward my car. Jubilee came running after us. "Take me along, please, suh," he whimpered.

"What about your hot-dog stand?" I asked.

"To hell with it," he shouted, and jumped in.

General Wilson, commanding the marines, was ordering trains made ready when I burst in on him.

"Dan Browne, Naval Intelligence," I announced myself.

"Glad to see you. Need you. Round me up some trucks. Get the cops to help you."

I started out. One of the commandant's aides, a naval officer, who knew my real name, stopped me.

"Say, your sister was in a day or two ago. Wanted your effects. I gave them to her—uniforms, sextant, papers, everything. O. K.?"

My sister, Mrs. Whipple, was in New York.

"O. K.," I said, not understanding at all.

"Wish she were a widow. But tell her to can that maid. A woman with a mustache—bah! Makes me sick!"

Marian! Marian Lamar! She had my papers—on which her name had been written a thousand times—my clothes, everything I'd left behind. Was she mourning me? Deliriously exciting thought. But no. She thought there might be information in those papers—information valuable to England. Or to Japan! How I ever got those trucks ready in time I don't know.

"Now clear the road for us," the general said. "Take

Keyhole Kartoons

by John W. Elliotte

WILL HAYS

A LITTLE GUY, BUT LOUD! HE PUMPED A CHURCH ORGAN FOR 10¢ A SERVICE; LATER BECAME SO IMPORTANT THAT HIS EMPLOYERS INSURED HIS LIFE FOR \$2,000,000! HARDING'S POSTMASTER GEN'L.



HE RESIGNED TO BOSS THE MOVIES FOR \$400⁰⁰ A DAY!!

a squad of motorbikes. I'll send out a message over the police ticker system. They'll co-operate."

We cleared the road like a living tornado. All the time the radio bleated in my ears. Only half a dozen pursuit planes were left to us. They had landed with wounded pilots. The bombers had been destroyed, all but two flights that had fled toward Rockwell Field, San Diego. The Japanese fleet had not five carriers but *thirteen!* They had wiped our air defense out of the skies.

Our sea defense had suffered the fate of our planes. Our sea defense! What a name for a few old destroyers and coast-guard ships!

"Come on, marines!"

Los Angeles was filled with mobs rushing blindly through the streets, out of control. All transportation service had been discontinued. Private autos and trucks were being requisitioned by the military authorities. No bombs had fallen on the city.

Some few miles out of San Diego I stopped at a filling station high up on a hill. The sea was in front and far below me.

I got out of the car and looked back. Three trains were coming toward me—coming fast. On the road that paralleled the tracks miles of great trucks were thundering along. Japanese planes were above, marine corps planes fighting them, falling. Bombs were dropping and shells were falling from toy ships far out there on the blue.

The last train was derailed. Then the one in front of it. A flood of khaki surged up over the railroad embankment. The trucks stopped, absorbed the khaki waves—but I thought I could see still figures lying there beside the car. The lead train came ahead. Men lying flat on their bellies on top of the cars fired machine-gun bullets at the dipping, diving, zooming planes. From the trucks anti-aircraft guns sent missiles into the air.

I threw the service man some money and got back into the car. The radio was still calling, "Come on, marines!"

THE home guards, stiffened by old-timers of the National Guard Reserves, were still holding when the marines came roaring into Compton and piled out of trucks. What was left of them were holding. The volunteers were in flight. At Dominguez Hill I found General Wilson. He was worried. Every few moments a car drew up and somebody leaped out to report. The Japanese were in Gardena. They were in Hermosilla. They were at Strawberry Park. There was artillery in the San Pedro Hills. A column of infantry was coming south in Harbor Boulevard toward Keystone!

The general gave quick orders to members of his staff. They hurried away. He gave orders to his civilian scouts. They got into their cars and disappeared.

He was being hanked. He knew it. There was nothing to do but change the position of his units, throw more marines into the mill, hold his left thumb for luck, and wait.

"Mr. Browne," said General Wilson, somewhere around three o'clock in the afternoon, "drive to Dominguez. Tell Colonel Charlton to move his battalion north of Nigger Slough and to stay there as long as he can. Maybe he can check them. Then send this message"—he wrote it quickly on a little pad—"and beat it down toward San Diego. Hurry up the reinforcements—there are more marines, a battalion or so, somewhere, and a battalion of apprentice seamen with artillery."

I LOOKED at the message after Charlton began to move.

Air power gone. Sea power gone. Man power going. Will power alone cannot win. Hurry 40th. WILSON.

The reinforcements finally arrived at Dominguez Hill. The marines began to dig in on the north slope. The seamen emplaced their guns in concealed positions on the south slope.

"Where's the 40th?" the general asked me. I didn't know.

About five o'clock, judging by the sun, the Japanese began to come up the slope of Dominguez Hill. They came in close formation. Our machine guns and automatic rifles turned them into mustard-colored blood-soaked rags and hobnailed shoes. But out of their blood, and out of the dust and the smoke and the shimmering heat, came more and more, yelling, "Banzai!"

"I guess that's the only English word they know," said a voice at my elbow.

It was Jubilee. Two bags of hand grenades were strapped about his neck. He took out one of them, pulled the pin, and made a forward pass.

"Hot dogs!" he called. "Red-hots! Get them while they're red-hot!"

Then I saw Mike. He was getting out of a trench a hundred yards below. He was waving his right hand. He was shouting.

"Come on, damn you!" he was shouting. "Earn your buck a day!"

The marines were following him, charging with bayonets and grenades. Jubilee was running after them. And Bill Marvel had me by the arm. He was cursing me, calling me a fool, jerking me back toward the top of the hill.

"We've got to scram," Bill said. "The 40th isn't coming. Yamahara has bombed every lousy railroad and highway bridge between San Diego and Laguna Beach. It'll take two weeks for those green troops to get here. And by that time there won't be any 40th Division."

We went across the dry bed of Los Angeles River. The bridges had been smashed. Artillery was playing on all the crossroads around the town of Los Cerritos.

The sun was sinking when we



"Why such destruction, Holmes?"
"Well, her employer failed to supply 'Ticonderoga'. Justifiable violence, I should say, Holmes."
"Right you are, Watson."

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"Thanks for the fine
speech, Malcolm."

"Dinna thank me—
thank Teacher's."



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IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

passed Signal Hill, Bill's car tearing ahead at seventy miles an hour.

It was funny to get back into Los Angeles and see it more or less as it always was at this time of day—sort of lazy and calm and peaceful—nothing excited but the pepper trees and the palm trees and the geranium vines running up their scaly boles. It was queer to think the Japs would take possession of the city at any time now—that we had lost about eight thousand dead, wounded, and missing—and that I was alive and well. . . .

That feeling of strangeness was intensified at my first sight of General Yamahara at the press conference held for the "foreign press" in his suite at the Ambassador Hotel.

There were about fifty of us, representing papers all over the world.

"Welcome, gentlemen," said the puny little weak-eyed general, "to the capital of the New Japan." He looked at us shrewdly through his thick eyeglasses. "You are very fortunate. You see the birth of a new nation, a new empire. You will watch it grow. I congratulate you."

We would be well treated, he said, and we would be issued military passes.

"You may write today," he said, "that a general amnesty has been granted all those who took up arms against us; that we guarantee the safety of life and property to all, but we will protect ourselves fully against sabotage and treason."

I was looking for Marian Lamar. She wasn't in the room. And I was wondering if Mike were dead or wounded.

Weeks of despair followed. Yamahara confiscated all food supplies for his armies and the people of Japan. What was left he allowed the Japanese tradesmen to sell; but few Americans were rich enough to buy.

"It is a pity," he said, "that Americans should starve in this land of plenty. But the American admiral, McDugel, is starving my people. It is but right we should send them food—even though we take it from Americans."

THE newspapers were published in two languages. They were filled with stories about the terror that gripped the United States.

Her traffic was paralyzed. Her nervous system of communication was wrecked with the destruction of power plants. Her troops couldn't move. Her aircraft couldn't move. She had few planes left, and needed them for the protection of cantonments and ammunition dumps and factories.

New York, the great metropolis of the world, had suffered most. Her great bridges had splashed, choked with traffic, into the East and the Hudson Rivers. Some of her high towers had fallen in ruins, killing hundreds in the streets. Bombs had wrecked the subway system, the electric lighting and heating. Ships had been sunk in the harbor.

I wondered where our Atlantic

fleet was. Had Timms sent it around the Horn? Was it going to join the squadron that stole out of San Francisco a few days before the Japanese bombed the city? Was it going to McDugel? Was it coming here to fight a last desperate battle?

"I don't know," Bill Marvel said. "Don't ask. Stick to your job."

I stuck to my job, getting information from Japanese officers gossiping in the hotels, and sending it East on the noiseless plane each night; writing pretty pieces every afternoon, for the Vancouver Standard, about order and efficiency in the "New Japan."

I SAW little of Rita during these days—and only when, in disregard of Marvel's orders to be cautious, I called at her home. I begged her to stay in her home—never to go out. I was afraid. So many women were being raped. But she would not heed me. She was nursing the wounded in a frowsy little hospital near her home. She must go there every day.

Eventually I found Mike. I had motored down to the City Hall to interview the new mayor and write a pretty piece about him. There were too many autos around the building. I had to park three blocks away. I started walking—and girls called to me out of doorways, desperate girls smiling with red lips and hard dead eyes—American girls, some of them little more than children. I gave them money and walked away, cursing aloud.

Suddenly I was in front of the little Mexican church where once I had found such peace and strength. I went in. The pews were gone and rows of hospital cots ran up and down between the gloomy pillars.

An American plane had fallen on the roof and made a hole in it. Part of a wing, not yet dislodged, stuck down through the hole.

"What was that noise?" some one asked, hearing my heavy tread coming down what had been the center aisle. There was fear in the voice. Perhaps I was a Japanese soldier?

"Aw, shut up, crybaby," Mike's voice answered. "That was only the wind blowing through the hole in 'Toronto's' side."

"If it was," another voice retorted, "it made more sense than ever came through that hole in your puss, you ugly duckfoot."

"Why, you lousy Canadian apple-knocker," Mike bellowed, "if I could get up and walk I'd make a dead duck out of you!"

Black-robed nuns came slish-slishing up from everywhere, dark shadows in the shadowy church; and one of them led me to Mike's bunk.

"Glory be!" Mike said when he made out my face. He grabbed my hand and held it. "Mother of God, but I'm glad to see you," he whispered. "Have we licked them?"

"Not yet. How could we—with you here? How are you? How's—"

"Jubilee? He's over there—sleeping, I guess. Don't wake him. He's

all right; but he gets kind of nutty now and then. He saved my life, that guy. I went down with half a dozen bullets in me and half my foot off. But Jubilee was there, with enough presence of mind to stop one with his head and drop on top of me."

We moved Mike and Jubilee the next day into a little bungalow adjoining Marvel's in Alvarado Street, and stocked the pantry from Sing Fat's kitchen. Sung Wo, the little waiter, who had studied medicine, looked at Mike's foot and frowned. That night he contrived a special shoe that allowed Mike to walk in comparative comfort—though he limped.

I opened a bottle of Scotch, and we sat around talking mostly about rape, and how rape should be punished.

"Ever hear of the stake?" Bill Marvel asked. "Sienkiewicz wrote about it in Pan Michael. I think it was Pan Michael. Well, he was writing about the war between the Poles and the Turks. Sometimes the Poles would catch a Turk shooting was too good for—so they'd draw him on the stake with horses.

"They'd strip him, lay him flat on the ground, and hitch a horse to each ankle. Then they'd stick the sharp end of the stake into him, and whack the horses over their rumps. Johnny Turk didn't die in a hurry. He didn't lose consciousness. He suffered, damn him, he suffered like hell!"

He jumped up and paced up and down furiously.

"Sharpen the tops of the flagpoles," he all but shouted, "and put a little Jap on every one of them!"

"Nuts," I said. "What'd the Japs do in reprisal? They wouldn't use the stake. They're not barbarians. They're not savages. But they'd get even some way—more than even. They'd shoot the hostages. They'd—"

Marvel whirled on me with an oath, and crushed the glass of whisky in his hand. Blood, liquor, and broken crystal went through his fingers to the carpet.

"By heaven," he said, "if I ever get a chance—"

He turned and walked out without finishing the sentence.

"Can't take it," Mike muttered after a long silence.

But the next night Marvel was himself again, and I thought Mike was wrong.

"I got a hot tip, Dan," he said. "Get after it right away. There's a girl in the Biltmore—an English girl who's palling around with a Japanese big shot. I think she's a Jap spy."

I got up out of my chair slowly. My knees felt weak.

"Marian Lamar!" I said.

He stared at me.

"You know her?"

"She's no spy!" Mike and I said it at the same time, and I went looking for my hat. The telephone rang. I answered it.

"Hello," I said. I couldn't hear anything. I was in a hurry anyway, and didn't want to hear anything. I was going to hang up when I heard Rita calling my name. "Yes," I said. "Yes. This is Dan."

HER voice was faint.

"Come quickly," she said. "Mother's—"

I couldn't hear all she was saying. Only a few words of it had any meaning. But I did hear the last few words: "Quickly! Bring a priest."

"There's a priest near her home," Marvel said. "I'll get him."

Mrs. Cannelle's body was lying in the front room. Rita lay stretched out on the carpet in the room beyond. Sung Wo was with me.

"The woman's dead," he said, "shot through the brain. The girl's stabbed. Look! She's still holding the knife. She stabbed herself. She's still alive."

I groped for her, lifted her up, carried her into the bedroom, placed her on the bed.

"Will she come to?" I asked.

"If I give her a hypo," he said. "But would it be honorable to wake her, Dan Browne—and let her remember?"

I didn't know. I couldn't decide.

"She wanted a priest," I recalled at last. "She must wake. Will there be time?"

"Time for what?"

"To say good-by to her—to marry her. That's all she wanted all her life—to marry me."

"There will be time," he promised, zipping open the top of his black kit. "She must be undressed and bathed. You must help me."

I looked at her little form, her black dress stained with red. My eyes blurred. No, I couldn't help. I must have a woman. Marvel and Jubilee were coming in with a priest. I sent Mike to find a woman, and asked Marvel to search the building. I put Mrs. Cannelle on a couch and covered her; and the priest knelt down beside her and crossed himself and prayed.

MIKE brought back a woman—a lean, long, redheaded woman. He was holding her arm tightly, as though she were a prisoner. She was frightened. She had been crying.

"Will this one do?" he asked.

"It's all right," I told her. "There's a girl in the bedroom dying. Get her undressed. Bathe her hands and face. Comb her hair. And be very careful. Don't hurt her. She's dying."

She nodded, and I took her into the room. She ran toward Sung Wo.

"Oh!" she cried. "A doctor. I've been trying to get a doctor. But I couldn't. Please, doctor, when you can, will you—my husband's hurt. It's just downstairs. Will you—"

"A Japanese?" I asked. "Your husband is a Japanese?"

She looked at me as though suddenly afraid.

"How did you know?"

"Yes," Sung Wo said, "I will come. But first undress this little girl."

I tiptoed out of the room.

"I can't break now," I said. "I can't. I won't!"

Mike was kneeling beside the priest, a rosary dangling from his right hand. He looked up at me strangely.

"Downstairs, right under this apartment—" I began.

"I know," Mike said. He lowered his face.

I was in such a state I didn't know what he meant.

"They got him," he said. He wound the beads around his fingers and shambled to his feet.

"The Japanese?"

"A major," he said. "He was shot. Not badly. Mrs. Cannelle must have plugged him."

"Where's Bill?" I asked.

"Did you know that Bill was crazy about Rita?" Mike muttered.

"No," I said. "Where is the Jap?"

"He was," Mike said, as though he were answering a child, "crazy as hell. Busted everything in the place. Even tore the plumbing apart. With his hands. His bare hands!"

"Where is the Jap?" I demanded.

"Gone," Mike answered. "They rolled him in a sheet and carried him down to Bill's car. Bill—and a couple of the boys—"

"You've got to stop them," I said. "You've got to stop them, Mike!"

Mike staggered back from me as though he thought I'd gone crazy too; and maybe I had. He read my eyes.

"You don't think—Mother of God! The stake!"

We stood looking at each other like a pair of fools. Sung Wo came out of the bedroom.

"She's awake, honorable father," he said, "and calling for you."

I turned to Mike.

"Go," I said. "Hurry, in the name of God! Take my car."

"I can't drive," Mike said.

The priest got up.

"I must hear her confession first," he said. "I'll call you as soon as I can."

To these swift and terrible events we cry: "Now the worst has happened!" But with the relentless enemy in control of the country, and fate marking down young Grant for repeated tragedy, what can't happen? You must read the next issue of Liberty for still greater and stranger things to come.

Vox Pop

REAL PANHANDLERS PROTEST

AMARILLO, TEX.—You can do anything, Vox Pop. Please stop or at least explain this business of referring to street beggars as "panhandlers." We are the real Panhandlers down here, with a capital P and boots, spurs and ten-gallon hats—good residents of a great and glorious portion of the state,



known as the Panhandle. Down here, where we are celebrating our hundredth birthday of Texan independence with the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas opening in June, we resent a good old name being distorted in meaning.

Who started it, we say, and phooey on him!—A. L. C.

"LET THE MACDONALDS SHOOT AT ONE ANOTHER"

UTICA, N. Y.—Let us call your attention to a great typographical error occurring in April 11 Vox Pop—the printing of a letter from one Roderick MacDonald obviously intended for the Major Bowes Amateur pages.

The letter in question brings up a vital issue. Indubitably, war is the only solution to our many troubles—of which pipsqueaks like young MacDonald are not the least. The skin on his patrician nose could be gambled with equal security on the proposition that a young men's census would yield itself heavily in favor not only of war but of protracted idleness, crime, and faster automobiles.

As a remedy for their practically useless living, let the Roderick MacDonalds start shooting at one another—and see if even the pacifists aren't pleased.—Douglass Allen.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In regard to Roderick MacDonald's crack about bigger 'n' better wars, I'll bet two bits that a full field pack, a couple of belts of ammo, a whiff of mustard gas, and a dog-robbing "top kick" could change Rod's outlook on war p. d. q.!

Pacifists are a plague, I'll grant him. But war isn't all glory—there's some mud mixed in too!

It's really a darned shame he and a

lot of folks with the same idea can't visit the Army Medical Museum in Washington. Two hours in said museum, and they'll all start looking for Utopia!—Shavetail.

MACHINE GUN "BLUBBERS"

NARBERTH, PA.—I am following with great gusto Captain Blackledge's Company of the Damned. However, one statement made in the installment of April 18 Liberty irks me no end. It seems the boys are pouring death from their "chattering" machine gun at the appalling rate of *seventy* to the minute, or slightly faster than one shot a second. The barrel would only "blubber" at this rate.

Any pacifist or movie fan knows that the ordinary, garden-variety, World War, or gangster's pet squirts 'em out at least 250 a minute, or approximately four shots a second. This can be imagined if one will listen to any alarm clock and substitute a shot for each tick, or 240 a minute. Even that is a very dilatory chopper.

Some of the new high-caliber antiaircraft guns shoot at a slower rate, but I don't think the lads were using one of these; from the illustration, it is a water-cooled type commonly used in the World War.

However, it's a swell story, and anyway what's a machine gun between friends?—R. A. Maxwell.

CATNIP FOR THE MAJOR

LINCOLN, NEB.—Ha! In April 18 Vox Pop one certain Frisco gentleman calling himself Willie the Crab points out his feat of catching one of Major Bowes's cats.

I say this is remarkable work of air-gunning on the part of Frisco Willie and certainly a piece of crack-shooting unexcelled since the opening of the Vox Pop rifle range.

Since we are not all born crack shooters, I would urge Willie not to sit on his laurels as they are. Cat meat is our new dish, and I would like to remind Willie he might get some valuable tips from the Major about snipe hunting and cat raising.

The Major operates a cat farm on a grand and glittering scale; the cats he raises and puts on exhibition are all graded before going on the spot, and they are tagged with the picture of the Major for identification.

So, here's catnip for the Major, baloney for Frisco Willie, and a big sniff of the South Omaha stockyards' aroma for the editor.—The Roving Cowboy.

JAFSIE SPASM OVER

NORMAN, OKLA.—You're over your Jafsie spasm, I hope. So I'll start reading Liberty again.—Charles N. Gould.

POLLOCK BETTER THAN DRY SPEECHES

KANSAS CITY, MO.—There was a Short Short by Channing Pollock, entitled Thou Shalt Not Kill, in October 19, 1935, Liberty. When I read it I was impressed with its fine argument for national defense. As I happen to be a chairman of National Defense of the American Legion Auxiliary in this district, I saved the story and gave it to a member who is a reader, and she memorized it and prepared it as a reading.

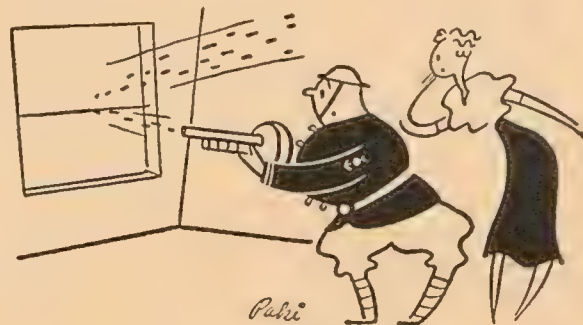
She gave this reading (with of course due credit to the author and your magazine) to our district meeting as well as several smaller gatherings, and I believe it has done more to put across in the "lay" mind a consciousness of the need of national defense—preparedness, if you prefer—than all the dry speeches ever given.—Mrs. J. H. Todd.

NEW MOVIE BONERS

SPENCER, N. C.—In Here Come the Leathernecks! there was an incident that I would like to bring to the people that love to find movie boners.

Lew Ayres and two other marines are trapped in a warehouse surrounded by Chinese rebels. Ginger Rogers's little hubby produces some tommy guns and they rush to the windows to stop the rebels' attack.

One of them pulls down the matting tacked over the windows and, without raising the window, cuts loose with a hail of lead that apparently mows down the advancing Chinks. Yet, after all that furious firing through the window, the glass was not even cracked!—Ed Rankin.



OMAHA, NEB.—Noticed comment on the striped nightshirt episode in Rose Marie (April 11 Vox Pop). I can give one in Magnificent Obsession.

A late-model streamlined automobile was shown in several scenes that occur over six years ago!—Paul Smith.

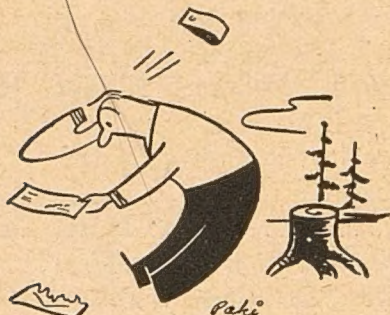
STAR POINTS DISAPPOINT

VICTORVILLE, CALIF.—R. E. Doan in his Tisn't So, in April 18 Liberty, tells us that stars are not pointed. Now that is a great disappointment to most of us, who since childhood have thought stars had five or six points.

The first thing we know, Mr. Doan will be trying to tell us there is no Santa Claus, that the bunnies don't lay the colored Easter eggs, and that the stork doesn't deliver the babies. What a world! What a world!—*G. D. Walker.*

CCC PAY CHECK FOR \$250,000!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Ray Williams of Visalia, California, must have thought money was no object to the government a-tall, a-tall when he opened his pay



envelope and found in it a check for \$250,000.22 for a month's services! He is a CCC worker in the Sequoia National Park and usually draws thirty-six dollars for his monthly wage.

Looks like the AAAs and the CCCs got mixed up a bit that time, and I'll bet a plug hat to a plugged nickel that Mr. Williams wished he was a pig killer instead of a tree manicurist when that fat check took his breath away.—*Wall-Eyed Joe.*

CHAMPIONS SAM LOYD

CANTON, OHIO.—Carl Hollander's letter in April 18 Vox Pop is very interesting to me. Good old Sam Loyd can't defend himself, so I am his self-appointed champion. A careful review of the problem (March 7, 1936) proves conclusively that there is but one correct answer to it, and not nineteen, as Mr. Hollander declares.

There were 60 fish caught, no more, no less. Each received the same number in the split-up (12). Jones caught 9, Brown 21, Smith 6, and Green and Robinson 12 each. Green and Jones caught 21, Jones and Brown 30, Brown and Smith 27, Smith and Robinson 18.—*John E. O. Feller, Certified Public Accountant.*

HOW TO PITCH, BAT, AND FIELD

TROY, N. Y.—Being an amateur baseball player and fan, I am very interested in learning all there is about the game and I would like to send in a suggestion which I think would be of interest to thousands of your younger readers.

Each week Liberty could have some outstanding big-league ball-player send in a detailed account of how to pitch, bat, field, etc. For example, Carl Hubbell could give inside dope on pitching; Jimmy Foxx on batting; Leo

Durocher on fielding; and perhaps Werber or Chapman on base stealing.

Here's to a bigger and better Liberty and also a great big pat on the back to Vox Pop's interesting and lively little newsy section.—*Leo Spillane.*

WASHINGTON'S RECORD ... WASTE ... INEFFICIENCY

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's editorial under the heading, Washington's Record—Unparalleled Waste, Appalling Inefficiency, in April 18 Liberty, is like the little steamboat that whistled out all its steam before it got started.

The "dole," Mr. Macfadden, was an act of the government to relieve suffering and along with employment projects to give back that self-respect which poverty had so drained—on the sound economic principle which says that none shall want in the midst of plenty.

You say, "Unearned rewards are always dangerous."

Are you writing this for the thousands who were on the verge of starvation or for the gamblers and speculators who have piled up millions?

If you have a more constructive method, why don't you offer it? Tell me, how are we going to have a happy, contented citizenry when nine tenths of our people own only one tenth of the material wealth?—*J. F. Mayo.*

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—Mr. E. J. Campbell of East Palo Alto, California, "cast his vote" (April 25 issue) to remove Vox Pop pages to pages 4 and 5. What does he wish to do with Mr. Macfadden's splendid editorials? Scrap them? If so, he should advocate scrapping the whole of Vox Pop and several more pages besides, as the editorial alone is worth the price of the publication.—*E. F. Patterson.*



"Ask that mirage if she has a friend."

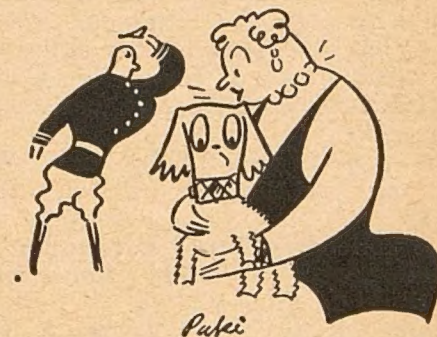
NO HALO ON DIRT

DEMOREST, GA.—Congratulations on recent stories by Fannie Kilbourne and Faith Ellen Smith. They read well and do not leave the feeling that you need a Turkish bath. Give us more of this type. We are fed up on the fiction that puts a halo on dirt and near-dirt.

To this reader the most consistently good department of Liberty is your Short Shorts.—*J. W. Philp.*

19-CARAT PEDIGREED DOGS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Thousands of blue-blooded 19-carat pedigreed dogs in Hollywood who are chauffeured each morning for an airing eat "breast of chicken Eugénie" or "filet mignon King Henry the VIII," receive medical attention every time they sneeze, and are petted and pampered all day. They are a thousand times better off than millions of coolies in the Orient and the hum-



blest wage earners the whole world over.

Here's hoping in my next incarnation I'm a pedigreed mongrel in Hollywood.—*George F. Viola.*

WANTS MORE ON SPEEDERS

U. S. S. PENNSYLVANIA—In April 4 Liberty I read and enjoyed the letter in Vox Pop on Hoosegow Week Ends for Speeders, by Monroe.

I have devoured every article that I find on careless driving and the pain and suffering which is usually the outcome of speeders—not only to themselves, who are in the blame, but to the innocent parties who pay for this reckless driving. More full-length articles should be published in Liberty in the campaign against speeders. How about it?

Three cheers for Monroe and his viewpoint.—*D. C. Thomas.*

YOUNG PEOPLE LIKE CONTESTS

NOPEMING, MINN.—Your contests have been interesting and educational.

We are a group of young people who spend some time weekly in discussing these. We have submitted entries but, to date, have not won. We have learned a great deal in reviewing history and geography in its various phases, besides your various other contests.

Won't you please let us enjoy many more?—*Anna Myhre.*

IT HAPPENED IN...

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Nineteen-year-old Tomasita Bird just shook her head when they offered her a job in the movies.

"Movie stars have to be thin," remarked the dancer. "I'm tired of being thin. I want to be fat for a while."

SALINAS, CALIF.—J. E. Griffel, Monterey rancher, has sued the Southern Pacific for \$14,000 because, he charges, the latter's Sunset Limited, after jumping the track, "started down the highway after him" and forced him to wreck his truck against a tree.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Brewer Larson bought some beer. To the bartender, Morris Coretz, he said, "Here is a five-dollar bill—it's WPA stage money." Coretz laughed, took the bill, gave Larson the change.

Then Coretz went to the bank. The teller told him the bill really was stage money.

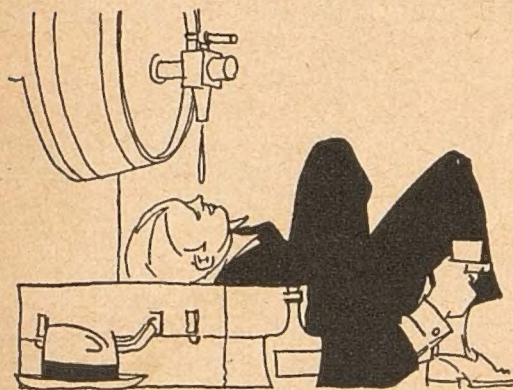
The police questioned Larson, but informed Coretz they didn't know what they could do about it.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Mortimer Harris, the police charged, took just one drink too many on the house.

Harris allegedly broke into a tavern, pocketed \$1.25 from a cash register, and filled a suitcase with liquors. Then he decided to have a drink or two. That was his downfall—he couldn't stop.

Tavern employees found him asleep, his head cuddled on the suitcase of liquor.

He was held on a burglary charge.



LUCKY OMENS

A bright star seen beneath the new moon is a sign of constant friendship or love in one you admire.

The full moon first seen bright and clear foretells good news ere the new moon.

A flirtation begun when Venus is the morning star indicates an engagement or a marriage.

—Roy L. McCardell.

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!

—Federal Housing Administration.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

WHAT LANDON WOULD DO IF PRESIDENT

The Kansan will probably go into the Republican convention with more delegates instructed for or endorsing him than any other avowed Presidential aspirant. This does not mean he is certain to be nominated—but it does add interest and urgency to the question: What would he do if he were Roosevelt's successor, and meanwhile, how would he campaign against him? Governor Landon himself will answer, in Liberty next week.

HOW THE DIONNE RICHES ARE GROWING

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

\$2,000 FOR CHILDREN'S PHOTOS!

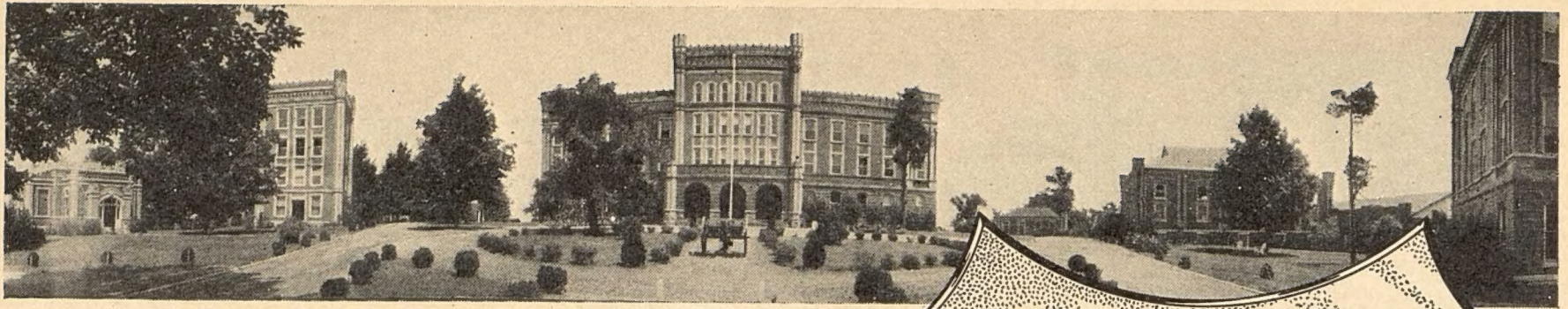
Liberty makes a magnificent offer next week

ALSO—THE PEACE RACKET by Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler—DIRT FOR DOUGH'S SAKE by George M. Cohan—INTERVIEW by Thyra Samter Winslow—DEATH TAKES THE WHEEL AT INDIANAPOLIS by Arthur J. Daley—DARK MASQUERADE—WITHOUT WARNING—OTHER FACT, FICTION, AND FEATURES

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MAY 27



FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

The spirit of the South, which impels a boy to give nothing short of his best, whether on athletic field or in class room, has carried over into the greater game of life. *Castle Heights men lead in achievement.*

Too much cannot be said of the personnel of its faculty. Its teachers hold graduate degrees from the leading universities. But more, they are chosen because of that warmth of personality, unselfish interest in boys, and love of their work which characterize the true teacher. The school is fully accredited by all colleges. *Castle Heights has been moulded by strong men.*

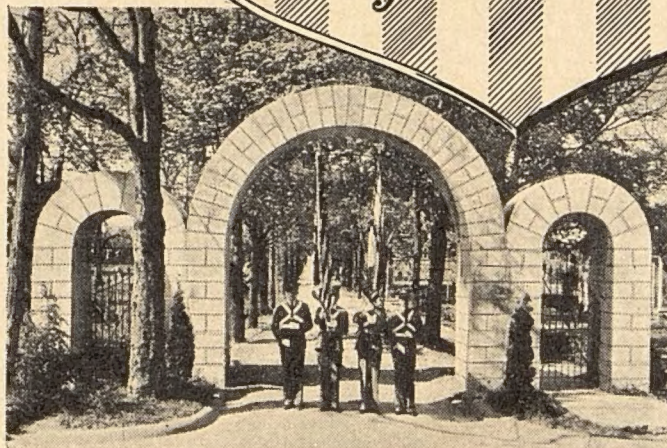
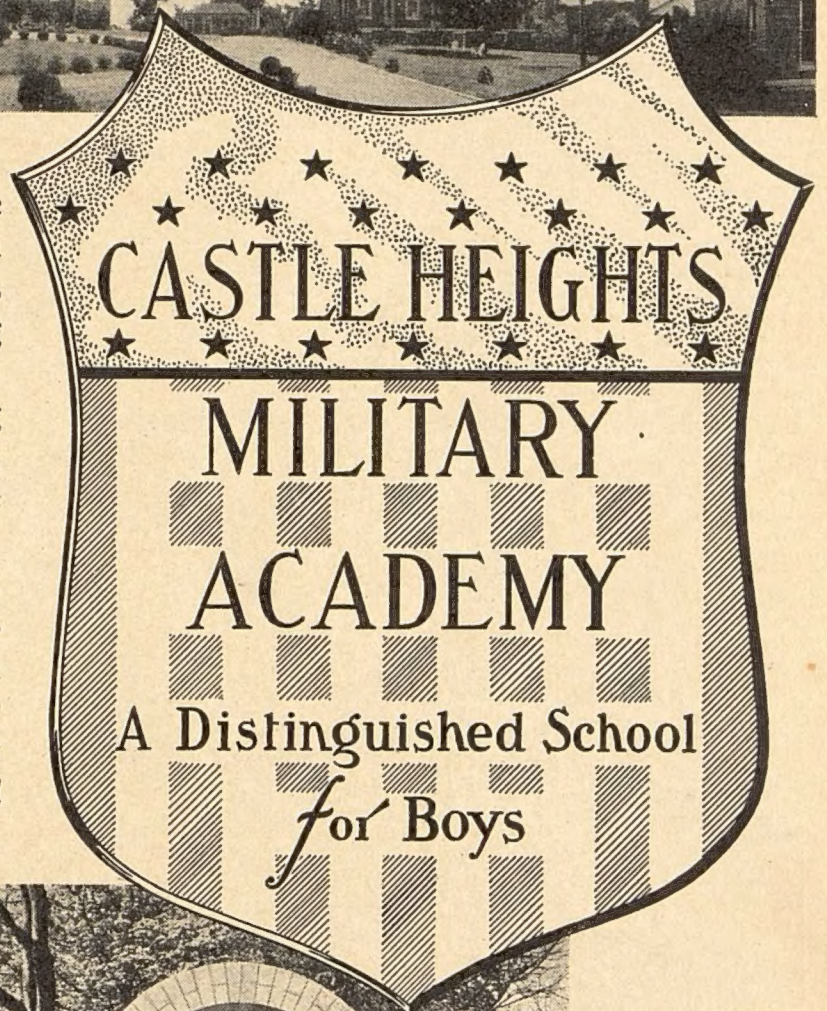
The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30 x 75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. *Every boy participates in some sport every day.*

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as well as habits of neatness, courtesy and punctuality. *Castle Heights boys reach commanding positions by learning to obey.*

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